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# CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL

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Sunlight and Shadow



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As one of its major activities in carrying out its purpose, the Society publishes a monthly magazine, the Canadian Geographical Journal, which is devoted to every phase of geography — historical, physical and economic — of Canada, of the British Commonwealth and of the other parts of the world. It is the intention to publish articles in this magazine that will be popular in

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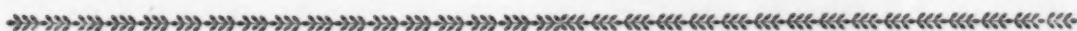
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*Caribou and Indians of the Hudson's Bay Company, 1860, by Cornelius Krieghoff.*

## ***The Canadian Scene in Christmas Cards***

by DOUGLAS LEECHMAN



*Petty Harbour, east coast of Newfoundland, by F. H. Brigden, R.C.A.*



*Cabin on the Bay,  
by A. Sherriff  
Scott, R.C.A.*



Plates by courtesy of Wm. E. Coutts Co. Limited.



*Kicking Horse  
River, British Co-  
lumbia, by Roland  
Gissing.*

### The Canadian Scene in Christmas Cards

**T**HE Post Office Department turns up some astonishing bits of information every now and then. Recently, for instance, they announced that last year they sorted, forwarded, and delivered about three hundred million Christmas cards, and that's an average of twenty for each one of us. They took on a temporary staff of 32,594 to handle the seasonal rush and the cost to the taxpayer was a bit over \$1,675,000. That's roughly eleven cents apiece, and well worth it.

They had another announcement to make, too. This one was addressed to the manufacturers of Christmas cards and was dated several years ago. It was suggested that the manufacturers try to find some substance other than ground glass to make their snow scenes sparkle. The ground glass, the Post Office explained, was playing hob with the delicate machinery of the cancelling machines. Now they use a synthetic material that they call "diamond dust", but it's not made from pulverized diamonds and the machines are no longer damaged.

Christmas cards are big business in Canada, most amazingly big when one considers that theirs is a comparatively recent popularity. There have been bitter wrangles among the authorities endeavouring to disentangle the early history of this form of combined greeting and remembrance. It is fairly well settled now that the first Christmas card was produced in England by an etcher, William Maw Egley, and his 1842 card is now in the British Museum. Another contestant in the fight is W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., who is said to have designed Christmas cards in 1844. In 1846, Sir Henry Cole, the first director of the Victoria and Albert Museum and founder of the Royal College of Music and who was always up to something, suggested to J. C. Horsley, a well-known painter of the Victorian age, that he design a series of Christmas cards, which he did.

Whichever of these may have the soundest claim to being the originator of the Christmas card, it is certain that the idea did not spring whole and perfect from a sudden inspiration. There are at least two earlier sources from

which the cards were derived. One of these was the "Christmas piece" which suffering schoolboys, in many schools, had to prepare before the Christmas holidays. These were letters to the boys' parents, written with pains and composed with care, as evidence that the tuition fees were not being wasted. These concoctions were often decorated in the margins with little sketches of holly leaves, robins, and other appropriate subjects. Sometimes special paper was used, with these decorations already printed on it.

The other source of the Christmas card, and a much more familiar one, was the Valentine, the anonymous love-token so popular in the middle of the nineteenth century which still lingers on in diminished splendour with all memory of its derivation from the pagan love feasts of early spring decorously forgotten. Valentines were most elaborate confections and the variety of design was extreme. Though Christmas cards were introduced in the 1840's and '50's, valentines were much more in demand and it was not until the 1870's that they were outstripped by the Christmas card. These now began to take on all the eccentricities of the valentine, and cards appeared made of a great variety of materials, such as silk, lace, velvet, celluloid and various imitations of mother-of-pearl, tortoise-shell, and ivory; dried flowers and seaweeds were stuck on cards, bits of glass, and all sorts of combinations of these substances.

Nor were the sentiments expressed on these cards always appropriate to the season. Some few of them were simple Christmas greetings, but others still held reminiscences of the valentine and were facetious or even sometimes risqué. Religious subjects, so common today, were seldom used, nor were the greetings devout in tone or wording.

Printing on stiff card rather than flexible paper has always presented special technical problems and some, at least, of these difficulties have been overcome by the manufacturers of playing cards. Messrs. Goodall, of London, makers of playing cards, about 1862 produced a series of Christmas cards with designs of holly, robins, and so on which were drawn by John Leighton. He, like Kate Greenaway who

also did Christmas cards, was already known as a designer of book-plates. Messrs. de la Rue, Raphael Tuck, and Marcus Ward, as well as other printers in France and Germany introduced many innovations.

Parallel developments were taking place simultaneously in the United States. In 1856, Louis Prang founded a lithographic business in Boston and devoted both time and money to the development of multi-colour lithography. By 1866 he had perfected his process and was printing in as many as twenty colours. It was not until 1875 that he produced Christmas cards, but when he discovered how great the demand for them was he enlarged and encouraged this department of his business vigorously. He offered an annual prize of five thousand dollars, an enormous sum in those days, for the best design submitted and gave stimulus to many of the artists of his day. Examples of Prang's Christmas cards of this period are highly prized as collectors' items.

Unfortunately, a swarm of cheap imitations imported from Europe ruined the market and Prang withdrew from the field in the 1890's. There was then a period of decline in the popularity of the Christmas card on this continent which lasted for nearly twenty years and it had no sooner begun to pick up again than the First Great War put a stop to shipments of cards from England. This presented an opportunity to local manufacturers in both Canada and the United States and the modern idea of expanding the greeting card to cover such other festivals as Easter, St. Patrick's Day, and so on, as well as almost every imaginable occasion or situation then began, increasing steadily from 1914 to 1930.

There have been many changes in printing techniques in the last few years. Designs are constantly changing, involving new methods, and taste moves now this way and now that. Eighty-five per cent of our Christmas cards, of all greeting cards in fact, are bought by women and the designers keep this fact clearly in mind. One year blue will be popular, but another time it is red. Now poinsettias are in favour, and next year it may be some other flower that sells the most cards. Today, lithography and the silk screen process are being

used extensively though colour printing, based on the half-tone process, still holds the lead. A recent innovation is the use of Kodachrome with a thin plastic coating over the print that at once protects it and gives it a high varnish-like gloss. Some cards are decorated with "glow beads", minute spherules of a synthetic glass, and others have designs made up of bits of coloured plastic.

Up to the beginning of the First Great War most of the Christmas cards used in Canada were made in Great Britain. Many of them were of excellent design and sentiment but they bore little, if any, direct relation to Canada. It seemed likely that Canadians would be attracted by cards that were distinctively Canadian in origin and feeling. Many people, with relatives in the Old Country who had never known Canada, were glad to be able to send them cards showing Canadian scenery and the work of Canadian artists, and so it was that paintings by distinguished Canadian artists made their appearance as Christmas cards some thirty years ago. The work of many artists has been shown in this series, from the earliest such as George Heriot, Paul Kane, and Cornelius Krieghoff, down to the artists of today. No other country, perhaps, has so individual a series of cards directly associated with the country itself, for a well-chosen collection of Canadian Christmas cards, covering the period of 1920 to the present, could well illustrate the history of painting in Canada. Over fifty painters are represented and few famous men have been omitted. Tom Thomson, Gagnon, the School of Seven, Emily Carr, Phillips, Comfort, Schaefer, and many others have had some of their best work reproduced in this form.

The whole expanse of Canada, from the West Coast to the Rockies and east to Peggy's Cove is displayed. Winter scenes predominate, as might be expected, but not to the exclusion of other aspects of the Canadian landscape. There is marked personality of technique and variety of style, and each year new painters and new works are presented. Our manufacturers have good reason to be proud of their presentation of the Canadian scene in Christmas cards.





*The Golden  
Glade, by  
Franz John-  
ston, A.R.C.A.,  
O.S.A.*



*Fishing boats,  
Nova Scotia,  
by Earl Bailly.*



Golden  
by  
John  
R.C.A.



*Mallards over Lake, by Frank S. Panabaker, A.R.C.A.*

*Cabin in the Mountains, by W. J. Phillips, R.C.A.*





*Wearing rubber suit and aqualung equipment and carrying underwater camera, the author emerges from an exploration of the waters near Peggy's Cove on to Fucus covered rocks. His assistant, carrying spear, wears snorkel apparatus.*

## **Gardens Beneath our Seas**

by JOHN SWEENEY

Photographs by the author.



**T**HE modern age of undersea exploration began, I believe, in 1934 when Dr. William Beebe, accompanied by his photographer, made his first bathysphere descent of 2,510 feet into the deep clear waters eight miles off the coast of Bermuda. My brother and I were small boys at that time but we remember the occasion well for it was our greatest pleasure to explore the reefs of Bermuda, and Dr. Beebe's descent, and his subsequent report, showed us that our reef exploration had the possibilities of becoming a serious study. Often we took our little boat far off the western shores of the islands and rowed over miles of unexplored sea bed. When the view beneath us became too enticing we would slip over the side and plunge down thirty or forty feet to enter into the life of the Bermudian reefs.

Before the war we tried various types of underwater breathing apparatus, but even with the guidance of Captain Johnny Lusher, an experienced diver, none of our experiments turned out very well, and we attained our best success by merely training ourselves to hold our breath and plunge to the bottom.

*These granite cliffs of Nova Scotia show type of coast from which dives are made for study of submarine topography and undersea life.*

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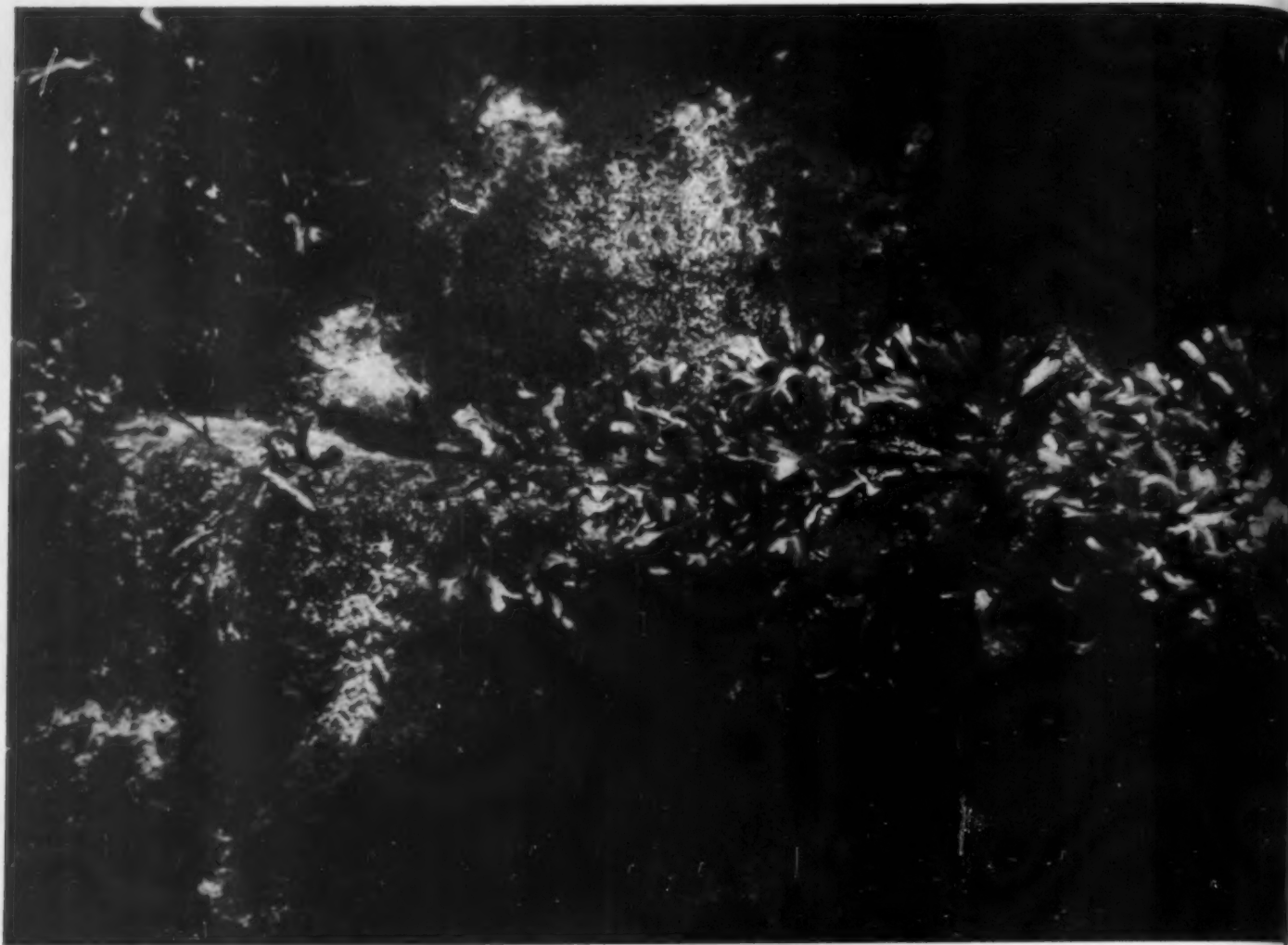
*Making a final underwater check of breathing equipment, the author's safety swimmer peers down from the surface between 'bushes' of rockweed. His sea mask is half flooded from a previous reconnaissance dive to 40 feet while holding his breath.*

The advent of goggles and fins increased our scope, and after the war the invention of improved underwater breathing apparatus gave us the impetus for further study of the sea bed.

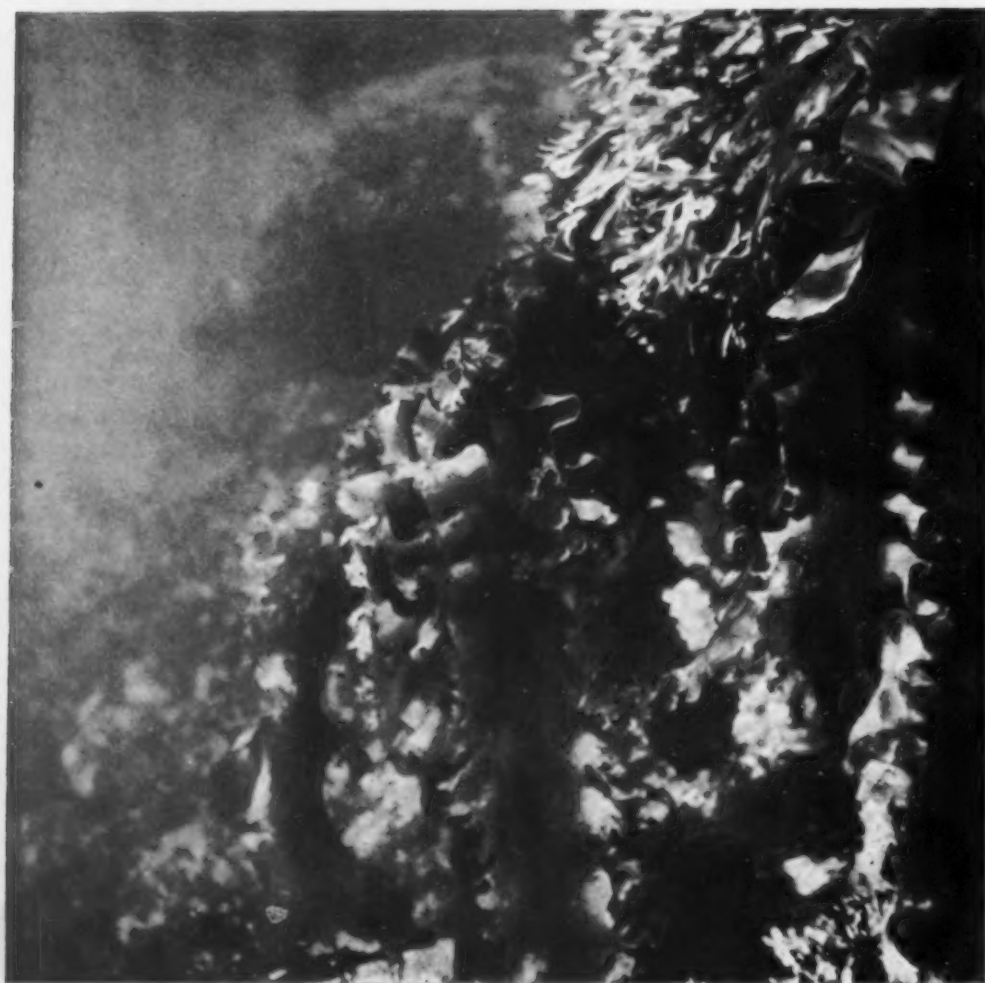
The cool waters of the north Atlantic are not so comfortable to work in as the warm waters of Bermuda but they are just as interesting in a rugged way. It is necessary even in summer to dress in woollens and rubber suits for prolonged diving and for photography of off-shore reefs, wrecks, and coastline phe-

nomena. With proper breathing apparatus and swim fins that enable one to dive to a hundred feet or more, much in-shore exploration can be accomplished. As seventy-one per cent of the world's surface is covered by water to an average depth of twelve thousand feet, my maximum working depth does not permit the exploration of deep water. Owing to the physiological dangers inherent in long, deep dives, most diving and exploring is at present done in depths of from thirty to seventy feet





*Above:—Swimming down the face of a sheer granite cliff the type of joins in the rock are observed and the nature and growth of the seaweed (here Fucus along the join) noted.*



*Left:—Fifty feet down, in murky water, beautiful Laminarias (ribbon kelp) sway in the current.*

*Opposite page—*

*Top:—A starfish clings to the corallin encrustation which grows profusely on boulders in some areas at depths from 18 to 60 feet. Small fish can be seen among the boulders and snails dot the granite rock.*

*Below:—Thirty feet down a wary 18-inch lobster faces the camera. He is swimming backwards, ready for flight. The undersea wave action bends the grass in which he hides.*





where the biology and geology on the continental shelf can be studied.

To pursue this study in Nova Scotian waters I set out early on a clear day with diving equipment, photographic gear, specimen bottles, nets, collecting bags, geological hammers, and drive to a chosen section of the coast. If the part I wish to explore is out to sea or inaccessible by land, I find a fisherman who is willing to take me out and I dive from his boat. This method is much easier, though less used, than diving from shore. In-shore, with a sea running, the surge of waves is often strong enough, as far as five fathoms down, to toss one against the rocks and endanger scientific gear. But such troubles are forgotten in the wonderful exhilaration of the undersea environment. About a quarter-mile off-shore, in the depths of Nova Scotia's submarine gardens, free from surge and tide currents, I can begin my exploration, observation, collection, and photography. Bearing in mind the geology of the shoreline off which I am diving, I try to





*Striking undersea beauty in a large granite boulder encrusted with white and pink calcareous Lithothamnion and small plants of Fucus. Snails climb over the rock and the sharp needles of a spiny sea urchin (five inches in diameter) are ready to pierce the skin of an unwary diver.*

compare the general sea bed structure with the shoreline structure. As visibility is restricted to twenty feet or less, a good deal of swimming must be accomplished to observe the general nature of the area. Off a granite coast such as Peggy's Cove, or the rugged shores of St. Margaret's Bay, the topography of the sea bottom is very similar to that on shore; but farther out, as the littoral zone extends towards the edge of the continental shelf, the bottom becomes less rocky and finally is covered with marine sediment. The nature of this sediment must be recorded, its depth measured, and samples taken. Geological and biological specimens, specially the seaweeds, are sent for examination to the Nova Scotia Research Foundation. The most interesting structural

features are photographed either by natural underwater light, or with the aid of synchronized flash bulbs. These bulbs have a perverse tendency to float to the surface, so I bag them in a silk stocking which I fasten to my weight belt.

When the general nature of the sea bed of a given area has been observed, I examine the type of plants or seaweeds that grow there. St. Margaret's Bay has such a tremendous variety of sea plants that it is used as an area for close study. The plants are examined, identified, and photographed, not only for ecological reasons but also because of their extreme beauty. The *Laminarias* (kelps), a family of the brown seaweeds, are particularly beautiful as they move with rhythmic grace



*In the depths of a submarine canyon a quarter-mile off shore this flash-bulb picture was taken of a camouflaged sculpin fish. In mottled granite tones it is barely distinguishable but if disturbed can readily change colour, even to bright red. Two small fish are sheltering in the dark crevasse.*

in the shimmering underwater sunlight like groups of delicate ballerinas dancing to a symphony of the sea. Another class of algae, the red seaweeds, is represented by Irish Moss (*Chondrus crispus*) which is harvested in large quantities in Nova Scotia for the production of carageenin, used in the manufacture of cosmetics, ice cream, chocolate milk, pharmaceutical supplies, and many other commercial products.

In addition to the sea plants, the fish also provide an immense field for observation. Their ecology is noted, their feeding habits, defences, camouflages, and, when possible, their breeding processes are observed. Like chameleons, some fish can change colour for defensive or evasive purposes; others, like the lobster will try to escape when alarmed, but sometimes the

lobster will return to attack the underwater swimmer, who is apt to ignore the fact that the lobster swims tail foremost and can therefore attack with his claws almost unobserved, unless the swimmer can use his spear very quickly.

In Nova Scotian waters the study of fish includes not only the vertebrate kinds but also crustaceans, starfish, sea urchins, snails, sea anemones, and many other varieties of undersea life which are observed and photographed.

It is not infrequent that time is forgotten in these beautiful surroundings, and suddenly lungs demand air where there is no air. A quick swim to the surface is imperative, and then a long swim to shore. For this purpose I





*Some of the varied beauty of an undersea garden at a depth of 40 feet in St. Margaret's Bay. Upper left: Laminaria digitata (horsetail kelp) above ribbon kelp. Upper right: Fucus. Centre: white to pink Officinalis, a corallina. Left centre: soft, filamentous Ectocarpus. Bottom: delicate Chorda filum.*

carry a surface breathing device called a snorkel, by means of which I can surface from the bottom of the sea when air or film give out, change my breathing set mouthpiece for the snorkel mouthpiece under water, and swim on the surface to a point on shore where my young assistants are waiting to help me change my gear, or reload the camera, and the silk stocking with its precious flash bulbs.

But the real adventure of undersea exploration lies in plunging into an unknown crevass,

a dark undersea cave, or surveying a sunken wreck. To this great thrill must be added the ever-present danger of diving "diseases" such as bends, squeeze from pressure, lung rupture, and the risk of running out of air or fouling. On the more hazardous undersea explorations, I take a swimming mate, or else dive on the end of a well-tended life line.

Off the rugged shores of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, there is abundant undersea life. The topography of the sea bed presents a



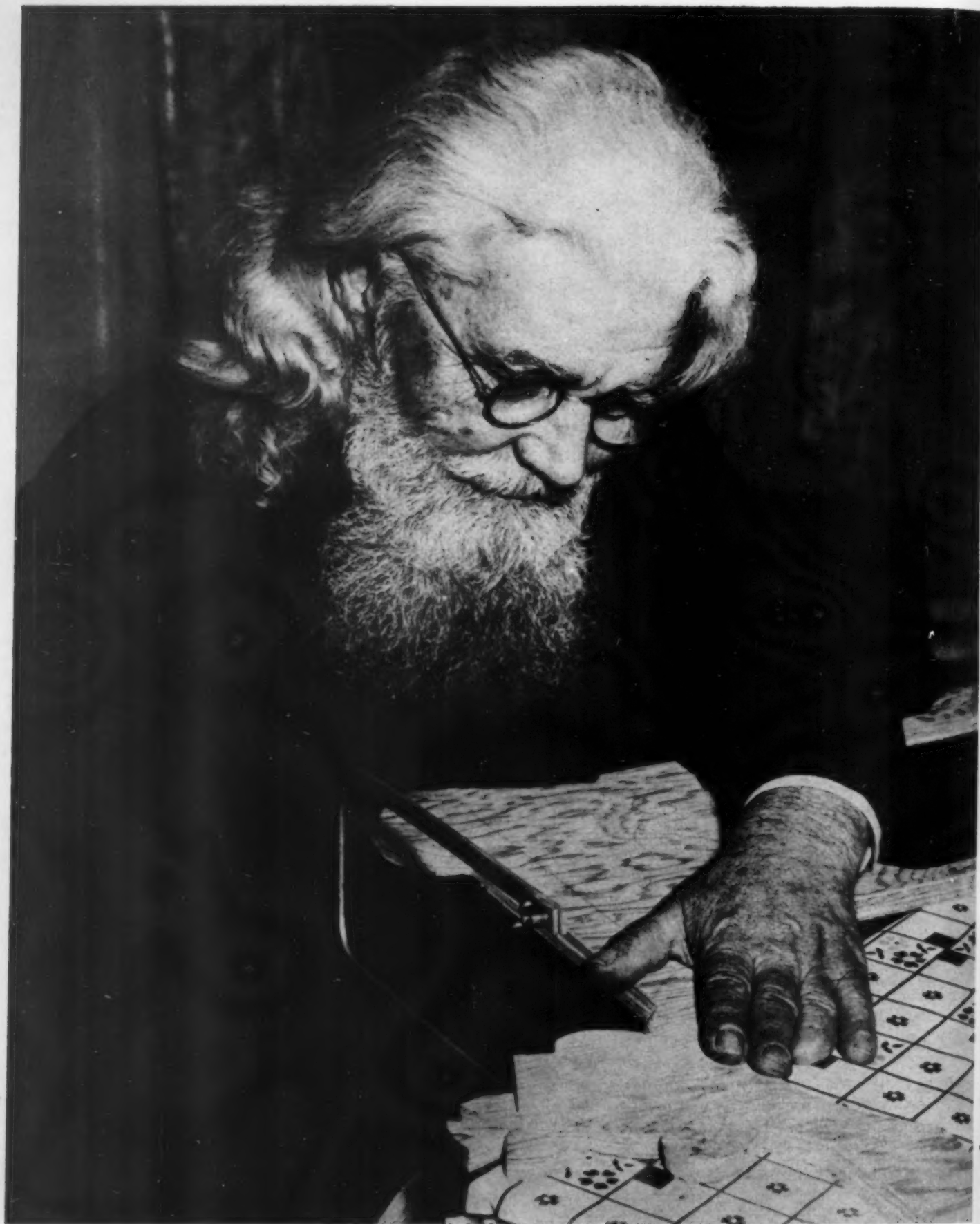


*A plunge to 45 feet. On the right is tall Chorda filum which often grows to a height of 15 feet. Its apparently luminescent covering consists of tiny hairs which, underwater, give the impression of seeing a brown seaweed surrounded throughout its whole length by a blue light.*

variety of geological structure to attract anyone who has a sense of adventure and a desire for exploration. There are vast stores of wealth and untold sources of food supply which the under-sea scientist and explorer could make available to the service of mankind. The two main obstacles to this form of exploration are pressure and the physiological effects of gases breathed under pressure. When these factors have been fully investigated and overcome, mankind will be able to roam all the depths of

the ocean and understand the miracle of the sea.

For centuries the sea coast waters of Canada have been sailed over by ships of wood and iron, and their depths prodded with the unseeing eyes of fishing lines, bathythermographs, and bottom samplers. Now, with diving suits and sea masks we are probing into the sea itself, visiting its creatures, gathering its plants, and studying the rocks of Canada's newest and perhaps wealthiest frontier, the sea.



*Working on the decoration of the church, Father Feodor cuts out a pattern for the iconostas with his fret-saw.*

# A Church

by FRED BRUEMMER

**C**ANADA has become a home for people of many different nationalities and religious beliefs. These people have brought with them many of their ancient traditions and customs, all strongly upheld by the churches. Among the churches the Russian Orthodox Eastern Church (a branch of "the Greek Church") holds a unique position. Practically banned in its country of origin, all connections between this church and the mother country have been severed for many years. Primate of the church is the Most Rev. B. Leonty, Archbishop of New York and Metropolitan of North America. In Canada the Rt. Rev. B. T. Nikon, Bishop of Toronto and all Canada, is in charge of the church.

Kirkland Lake, prosperous mining community of the north has attracted hundreds of immigrants from dozens of foreign lands. Among them are many of Greek Orthodox faith. At first these people had no priest, no church and no services. Then in the fall of last year Father Feodor Ustochenko, a saintly-looking man with long white hair and a flowing beard, came to Kirkland Lake to hold services. Father Feodor left Russia in 1943, lived in Germany and Belgium and had just arrived in Canada.

The beginning was hard. No funds were available. The parishioners, although anxious to help, had little money themselves, but slowly and with great patience everything was organized. The first services were held in the basement of the Anglican church. Then Father Feodor rented a former Finnish church, which had stood unused for some time. The next objective was to make the interior look as much like one of the old-country churches as possible. Altars, icons, candlestands and above all an iconostas were needed. Since there was no money available everything had to be built by the priest and his parishioners. So while some of the men cleaned the church and built the three small altars that stand in the

Photographs by the author

nave, Father Feodor was busy with the fret-saw, cutting out the intricate filigree patterns adorning the iconostas. The latter is, in the Eastern churches, the partition separating the bema from the nave. For three months Father Feodor spent most of his time with the fret-saw, and finally the iconostas was ready to be painted and set up.

A Lithuanian came to do the painting after he had finished his day's work in the mine. The iconostas was finished. The icons it holds are paper reproductions for there was not enough money to buy genuine painted icons. Authentic icons are painted in an age-old manner on specially treated wood. They depict Christ or the saints or scenes from Christ's life. In a manner similar to that of the Byzantine artists, the modern icon painter puts one layer of colour on the other until, after weeks of work, the finished icons have a rich translucent depth.



*The former Finnish church taken over by the congregation of the Russian Orthodox Church.*





*Standing alone in the bema at the end of the service, Father Feodor reads from the Bible.*

But Father Feodor's icons fulfil their function equally well and for each of the thirty-seven he made a frame, that they might have a worthy setting.

Finally at Easter the great moment arrived. Bishop Nikon came from Toronto and in an impressive ceremony the iconostas was blessed. The first milestone was passed.

With the resumption of church services many of the old customs were revived. At Christmas time, children with stars in their hair went from family to family to sing Christmas carols. In the homes, a special dish called *Skutcha* made of wheat and honey was served.

The great event of the year is the Easter service. It is a long and impressive service, held in the late evening. Shortly before midnight the congregation and the priest light candles and leave the church. The church doors are then locked, symbolizing the entombment of Christ. The congregation and the priest walk three times round the church and at midnight the church doors are opened. The priest intones:

"Christ is risen!" The people reply: "He is truly risen!" There is no other light than that of the flickering candles at this, the most solemn moment of the Easter service. After the congregation answers the call of the priest they kiss each other three times on the cheeks. From that moment on, during the entire Easter week, people of Greek Orthodox faith greet each other with the words: "Christ is risen!"

At Easter time every family paints eggs. The egg as symbol of spring in pagan times and later as a symbol of the resurrection, plays an important part in the rite of the Eastern church. Each family paints eggs at home, using great skill and patience to achieve the beautiful patterns and designs which they have been taught by their forefathers. The patterns are highly stylized and many are extremely old, originating in pagan times, some showing a marked Greek influence, others again resembling Etruscan designs. These eggs are brought to church to be blessed by the priest.

On Easter morning the parishioners also bring baskets of food to the church so that the priest may bless them. Most important among the special food is *pascha*, an ancient traditional dish to be eaten only at Easter. It is made of cottage cheese, eggs, sugar and curd.

The religious service is held in Church Slavonic or as it also is called Old Bulgarian. This archaic language is, like Latin, only used in church. During the service the congregation stands, but since the service often lasts several hours it is not unusual for members of the congregation to leave for brief intervals, always returning for the end of the service.

Ten years in a Siberian prison camp failed to change either the devout spirit or the sure, firm tread of 65-year-old Father Feodor. In addition to his church in Kirkland Lake he holds services at Rouyn-Noranda, Quebec, and at Val d'Or, Quebec, a hundred miles away from his own parish. He is a man with a mission. It needs but one glance at his kindly face to see what it means to him to have his church for the first time in many years and to be able to preach and pray and worship freely. The same holds true for many, if not most, of his parishioners. As one man said: "The first thing I can remember about churches in my country



*The finished iconostas. In the foreground is one of the three altars in the nave, showing the Russian cross on the altar-cloth.*



*A woman worshipper pauses for the priest's blessing.*

is that they were burnt, or transformed into stables, barracks or sheds." These people, who have not been able to listen to a service for many years, are eager to devote as much as possible of their time and their earnings to the upkeep and the beautification of their church. The congregation by no means consists only of Russians; there are also Lithuanians, Jugoslavs, Estonians, and Ukrainians.

Father Feodor hopes to build his own church, a truly Russian structure, with the onion-shaped cupola, in Val d'Or, where the greatest number of Greek Orthodox people in his district live. All are refugees, and most of them have found work in the mines, where language difficulties are not so important. Despite the lack of funds and the apparent complications, Father Feodor and his people are most optimistic about the future. The beginning was hard, but as gradually they achieve one goal after the other, they prove it is rewarding "to go on trusting, namely, till faith move mountains".





*"A Man's Life"*



*H.M.C.S. Ontario, one of Canada's cruisers.*

## **On Guard by Sea**

*by Capt. (S.B.) WILLIAM STRANGE, O.B.E., C.D., R.C.N.*

**I**N THE PAST twelve months the ships of the Royal Canadian Navy have steamed many thousands of miles. Ten new ships of various types have been launched; thirteen ships of the "mothball" fleet have been completely modernized. The active fleet has grown by seven ships in commission. Over two thousand men have climbed at least one rung on the ladder of advancement, and 4,160 more young Canadians have embarked upon a man's life in the Navy.

This is a story of progress and activity, for the R.C.N. is a lively, expanding and vigorous fleet. It is "going places" in a sense which goes

somewhat beyond the mere matter of "seeing the world". The uneasy facts of modern international life demand that this be so. They demand of us the establishment and maintenance of a naval force of high morale, and of collective technical skills beyond anything previously required of fighting seamen. In a future conflict, time will be short. The building of ships and the training of men consume time, which may well be our most precious commodity.

One day last October more than a score of Canadian warships, from coastal minesweepers to the 18,000-ton aircraft-carrier *Magnificent*,



# SHIPS OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY



LIGHT FLEET AIRCRAFT CARRIER

H M C S Magnificent



SEAWARD PATROL CRAFT



LIGHT CRUISER

H M C S Ontario



COASTAL MINESWEEPER



DESTROYER ESCORT (ALGONQUIN CLASS)



COASTAL ESCORT (BANGOR CLASS)



DESTROYER ESCORT (TRIBAL CLASS)



COASTAL ESCORT (ALGERINE CLASS)



DESTROYER ESCORT (ST. LAURENT CLASS)



ARCTIC PATROL SHIP



PRESTONIAN CLASS FRIGATE



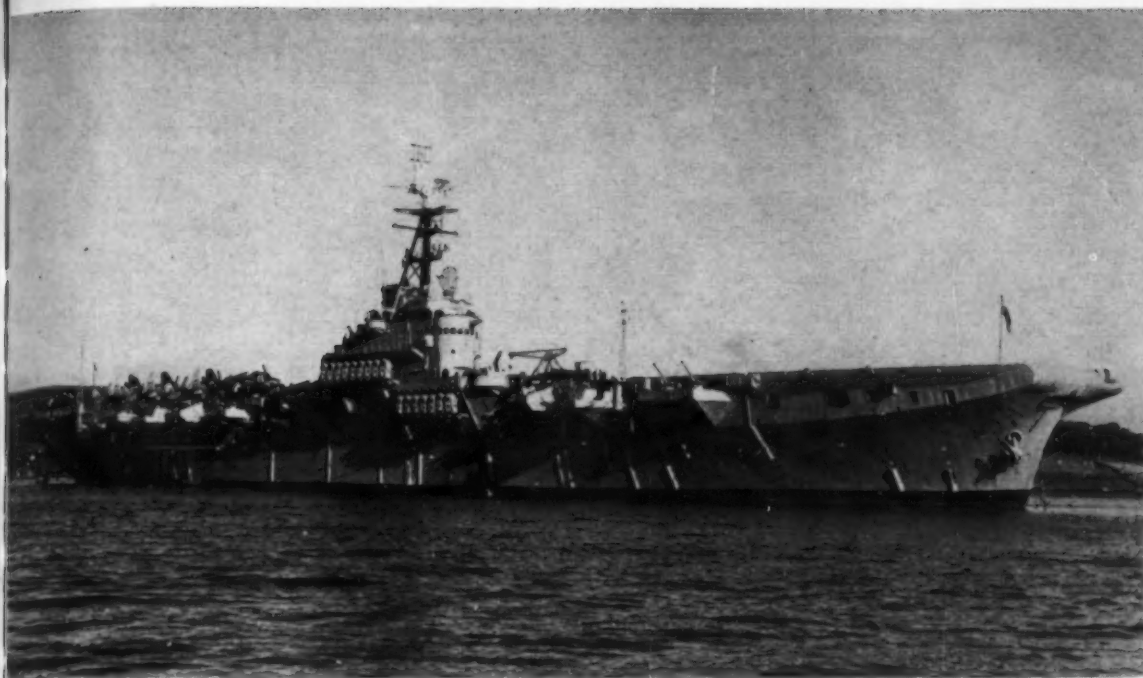
GATE VESSELS, DIVING TENDERS, AND AUXILIARY CRAFT

*Ships of the Royal Canadian Navy in silhouette.*

*Vigorous in activity, diverse in task, united in purpose, ships of the Royal Canadian Navy on guard by sea. The R.C.N., faced with new tasks, is gearing its ships and aircraft to the changing needs of naval defence. The growing air component, the steady training activity of the cruisers, the anti-submarine and anti-mine training aboard destroyer and minesweeper are typical of the Navy's forward-looking effort.*



*Left: H.M.C.S. Comox (coastal minesweeper).*



*H. M. C. S.  
Magnificent  
(carrier).*



*H.M.C.S.  
Quebec (cruiser).*



*H.M.C.S.  
Athabaskan  
(destroyer).*



The skills of the sea remain. Three Naval Cadets under training "shoot the sun".

were scattered around the globe on training exercises and operational duty. *Magnificent* was on her first cruise via the Panama Canal to the West Coast base at Esquimalt, her air squadrons carrying out flying operations en route. *Quebec*, the training cruiser based at Halifax was on a two-months' cruise to West Indian and South American waters. The First Canadian Escort Squadron, consisting of *Algonquin* (destroyer escort) and three frigates, *Lauzon*, *Prestonian* and *Toronto*, had just finished taking part in the NATO exercise "Morning Mist" in the northeast Atlantic. The squadron was now on its way to a cruise in the Mediterranean which would take the ships to Lisbon, Malta, Venice, Athens, Istanbul, Palma, Algiers, and Ponta Del Gada.

*Micmac* (destroyer) was on a training cruise to southern United States ports and Cuba. Four minesweepers (*Gaspe*, *Ungava*, *Trinity* and *Resolute*), constituting the First Canadian Minesweeping Squadron, were at sea carrying

out exercises off the Nova Scotia Coast. The Second Minesweeping Squadron (*Comox* and *James Bay*) was similarly engaged off the British Columbia coast, and shortly to be joined by *Quinte* which had been commissioned that same month in Hamilton, Ontario, and was already on her way.

Out East were *Huron*, *Iroquois*, *Cayuga* — destroyers still on patrol in the Korean theatre, while *Haida* was on the way home from this same area, having finished her second tour of Korean duty, and incidentally about to complete her second voyage around the world.

These journeyings, considerable in extent, diverse in their immediate objectives, all contribute to the fulfilment of a threefold central purpose — the training of the modern seaman, and thus of the naval technical team; the gaining of experience in the seaman's element — the sea itself; the proving and improvement of equipment. This is the main business of a peace-time fleet, for the better the training, the



*Training exercises in British Columbia waters.*

broader the experience, the finer the equipment, the greater the state of readiness for the moment when all may be needed in highest degree.

The moment may never come. The more ready we are, the less likely are we to see it.

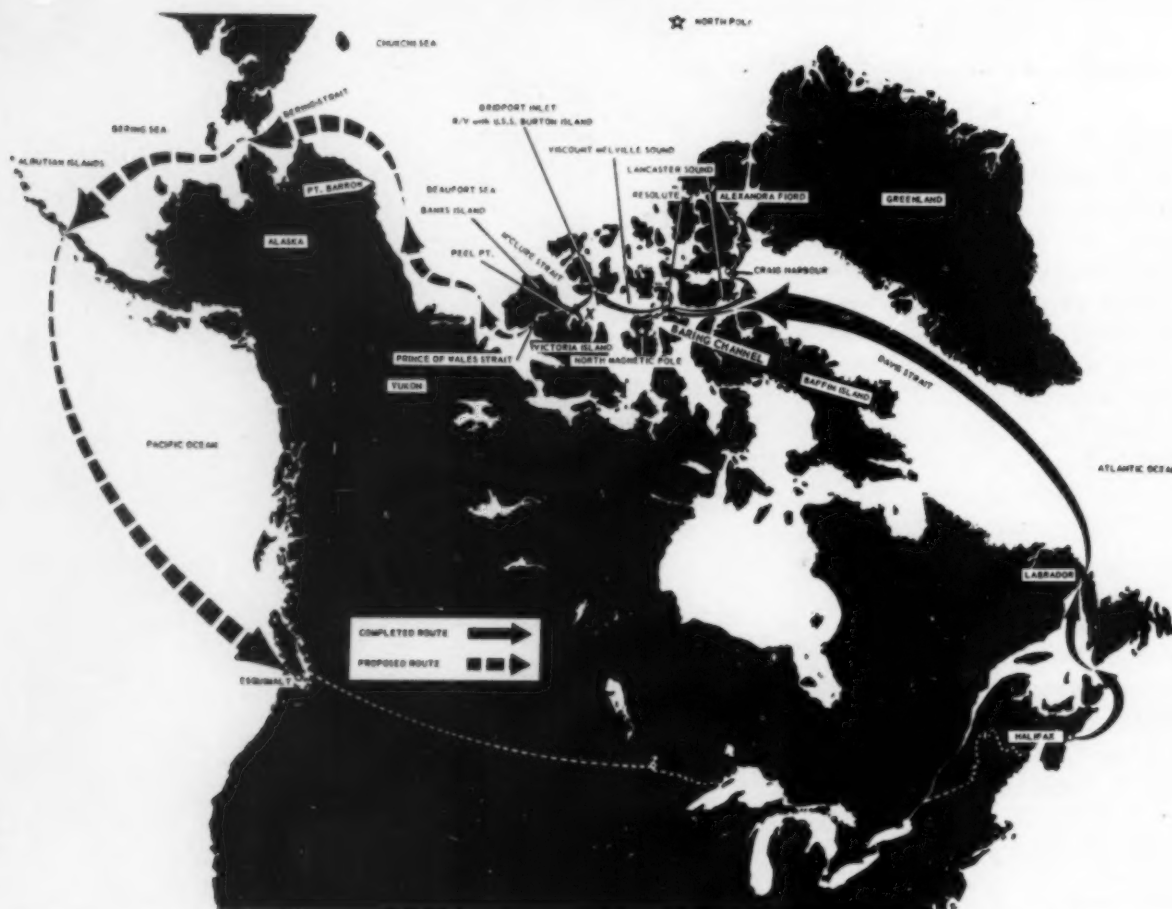
By the time these words are printed, yet another ship, H.M.C.S. *Labrador*, will have etched deep the record of a new and historic achievement by becoming the first naval vessel to circumnavigate the North American continent. Her ship's company will have seen polar bear and palm tree, sailed through tropic seas and smashed through 12-foot polar ice, all on the vessel's maiden voyage.

With the story of the discovery and traversing of the North West Passage are linked many famous names. It goes back into history for literally hundreds of years. Familiar names are Frobisher, Parry, Franklin, Ross and even Cook — who attempted to find it from the



*Reserve sailors under training. Men of the Naval Division at Montreal are initiated into the mysteries of the once "top secret" anti-submarine device "Hedgehog", a weapon which scatters an oval of bombs ahead of the ship and below to the lurking submarine.*





*The track of H.M.C.S. Labrador, the largest ship and only warship to conquer the Northwest Passage.*

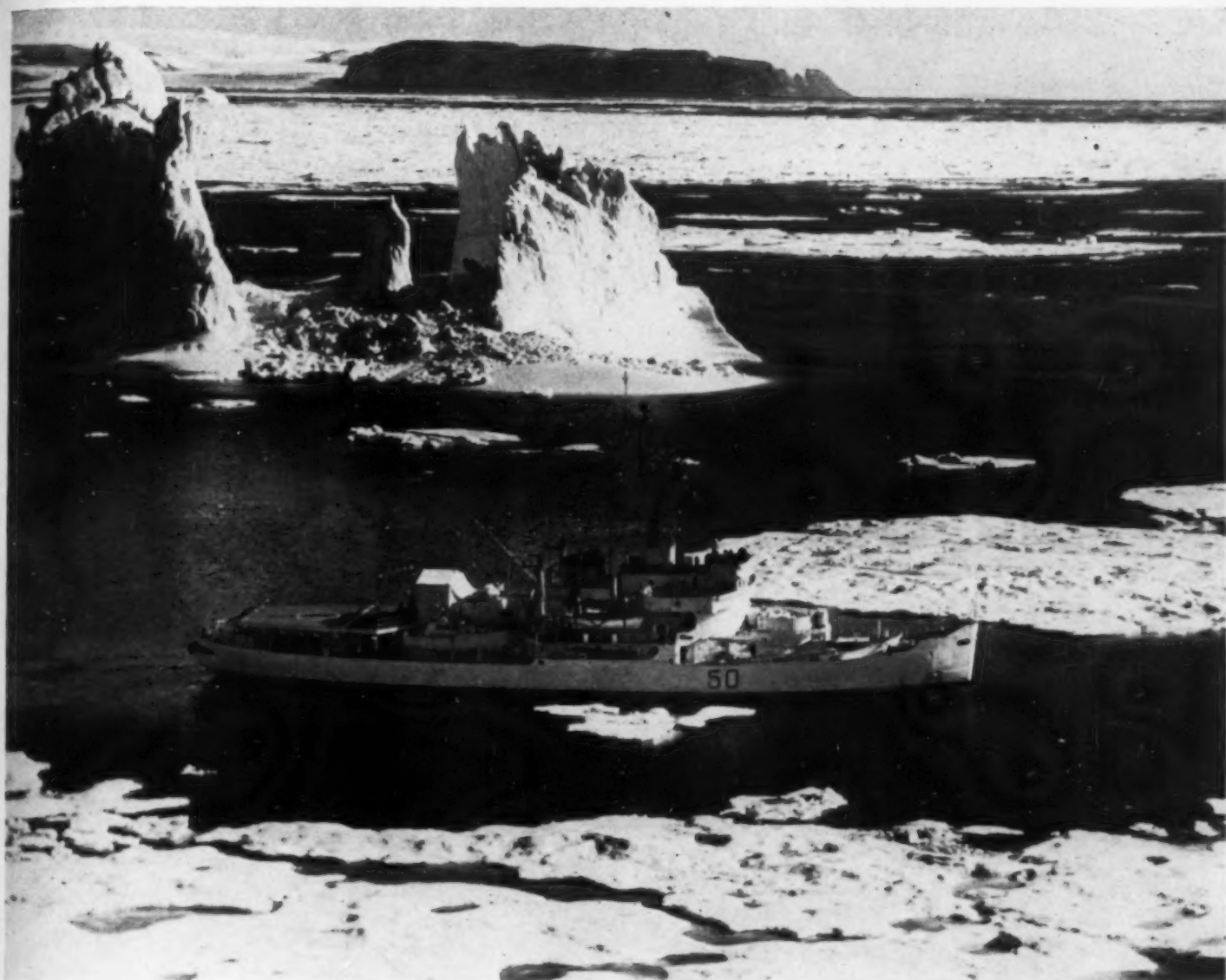


Pacific side. It was first fully traversed by Collinson and McClure in 1850-54, while Amundsen first sailed through it in the tiny 47-ton *Gjoa* in 1905. The successful attempt made by the R.C.M.P. schooner *St. Roch* in 1940-42 is, or should be, well known to all Canadians. The same ship accomplished the voyage in a single season in 1944, the first to do it.

The chief significance of *Labrador's* voyage from Halifax, through Davis Strait, northward to Lancaster Sound and Resolute Bay, thence through Bering Channel, on through Prince of Wales and Bering Straits, then southward to Esquimaux, lies in the fact that it was relatively a matter of routine. Here was no doubtful voyage of hazardous discovery, but rather a deliberately planned affair of scientific observation designed to increase our somewhat hazy knowledge of Canada's northern coast and the scarce-known seas beyond.

By far the largest vessel to have made the

*The sailor's world can be topsy-turvy, for, palm*



voyage, the ship steamed over 10,000 miles in 68 days. Of the miles steamed, 6,000 were north of the Arctic Circle, and occupied 55 of the days.

*Labrador*, built in Canada by Marine Industries Limited and commissioned last July, is perhaps the best-equipped vessel of her kind in existence today, not only in terms of ability to withstand the rigours of northern latitudes, but also in terms of equipment for scientific observation and research. She carries three boats specially equipped for taking soundings, two landing craft specially designed for Arctic use, two jeeps and two helicopters.

On board were ten scientists whose observations in their various fields, including oceanography, meteorology, cosmic rays and hydrography constitute an impressive record and provide most valuable data. The extent of the work, described by the Commanding Officer (Capt. O. C. S. Robertson, G.M., R.C.N.) as

*H.M.C.S. Labrador, arctic patrol ship, in Smith Sound near Alexandra Fiord on the east coast of Ellesmere Island in the course of her trip through the Northwest Passage.*



turny, or, palm trees—in August, Polar bears.





*A naval helicopter lands on the flight deck of H.M.C.S. Magnificent, at sea. The "Whirlybird" is increasingly important as a maid of all work for the Navy, and tomorrow may be a vital anti-submarine weapon.*

"quite a program" is indicated by the following statistical record:

Water samples tested for salinity .	1,050
Weather observations north of Arctic Circle.....	1,320
Sounding lines run by boats in sounding Resolute Harbour approaches.....	256 miles
Sounding lines run by the ship..	7,280 miles
Magnetic observations (occupying 12 or to 30 hours each)....	10
Gyro magnetic trials carried out.	15

The voyage serves to emphasize still further the great and growing versatility of the Navy, and the wide range of tasks it must undertake to achieve its purpose. The general picture of

activity draws attention, too, to the fact that an ever improving standard of sea training is being both sought and achieved, at no sacrifice to the traditional adventurousness of life at sea.

Despite the increased need for technical skills, the basic naval skills remain. The young seaman finds this out early in his career. It is one thing to be able to operate a particular piece of complicated equipment. To be able to live, and be at home, in a ship of war is something else again.

In the modern Navy, the requirement is dual. The sailor of today is a technician, but he is still a sailor. This is as true for that all-important man, the cook, as for the pilot of one of the Navy's 500-knot fighter aircraft.

## ON GUARD BY SEA

There is no end to the learning process for officer or man, no end to the long road on which experience is gained.

This challenge is stimulating and recruiting in the Navy has never been better. The Navy's strength, 18,429 officers and men at the time of writing (plus a Reserve force of 5,550 throughout the twenty-two Naval Divisions from Newfoundland to British Columbia) continues to grow steadily and is aimed at a target of slightly beyond 20,000. This will be needed to man tomorrow's fighting fleet of approximately one hundred ships.

There are today fifty-four ships in commission, including one aircraft carrier, two cruisers, nine destroyer escorts, and forty-two frigates, minesweepers and other vessels of various types.

In the shipyards are twenty new fighting ships and forty auxiliary vessels destined to take their place in tomorrow's Navy, while jet fighters, and twin-engined anti-submarine aircraft of the most advanced type are on order.

This, when compared with the Navy maintained by Canada in the period of peace before the Second World War, is a most formidable force. But the march of events has brought to light some formidable needs in naval defence.

The vital importance of our ocean lanes remains a constant factor in the unfolding pattern of our defence needs at sea, as does the geographical extent of our coast-lines, some 40,000 miles in length. All else has undergone great change.

The submarine, which in the Second World War accounted for the staggering total of 2,775 merchant ships sunk, is being rapidly superseded by submersibles of far greater speed and destructive power. The aircraft of today have range and power beyond any achieved in the last war. The mine, from which we suffered relatively slightly in the past (and which can be laid by either submarine or aircraft) is today a weapon most difficult to counter, and thus a matter requiring increased and extremely alert attention.

*The world's fastest propeller-driven aircraft. A Seafury naval fighter lands at high speed aboard Canada's carrier. Landing fighters has been called "catching wildcats by the tail."*





*Sailors are technicians.*





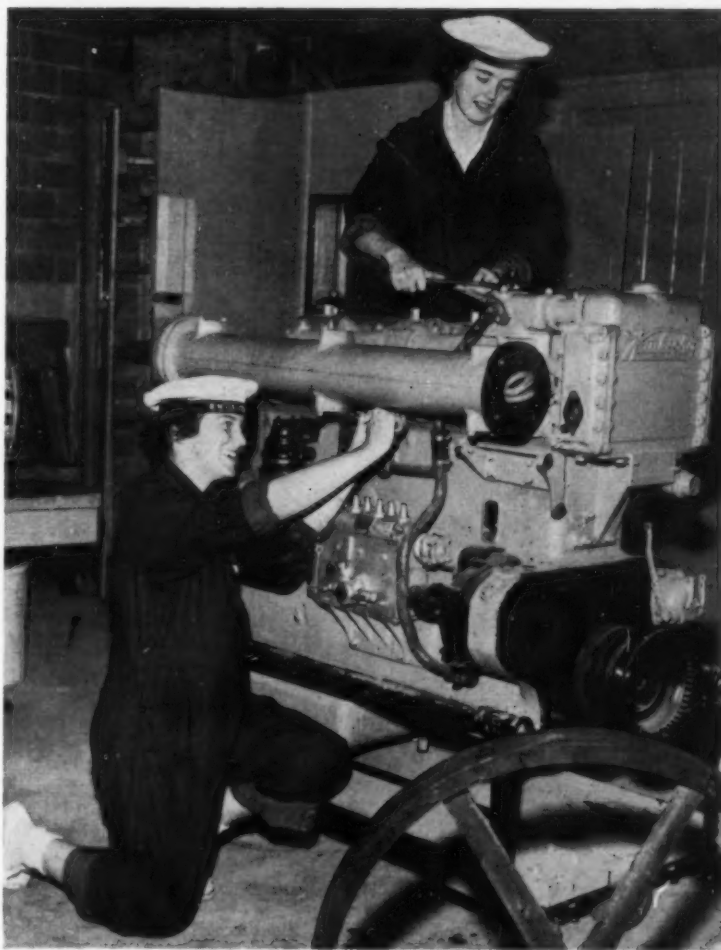
These factors, inconstant and developing in pressure, present new and serious problems to the Navy in a multitude of ways, and demand the maintenance of the largest, and by far the most efficient, peace-time fleet the country has yet known.

To the Navy itself, the increasing demand for technical skills in the science of sea-warfare presents a mounting challenge. With the design and construction of new ships, the development of its air component, the steady increase of training facilities ashore and training activity at sea, the Navy is working to meet it as it should — with good heart, good humour and in a seamanlike manner.

On the last occasion the present writer contributed to this magazine\*, the article closed with these words: "All it [the Navy] asks today is to be so supported in the critical days ahead that, should the call to active duty be repeated, it may — in some infinitely swifter-moving war — once more uphold the right, protect the shores, and preserve our country's dignity and freedom."

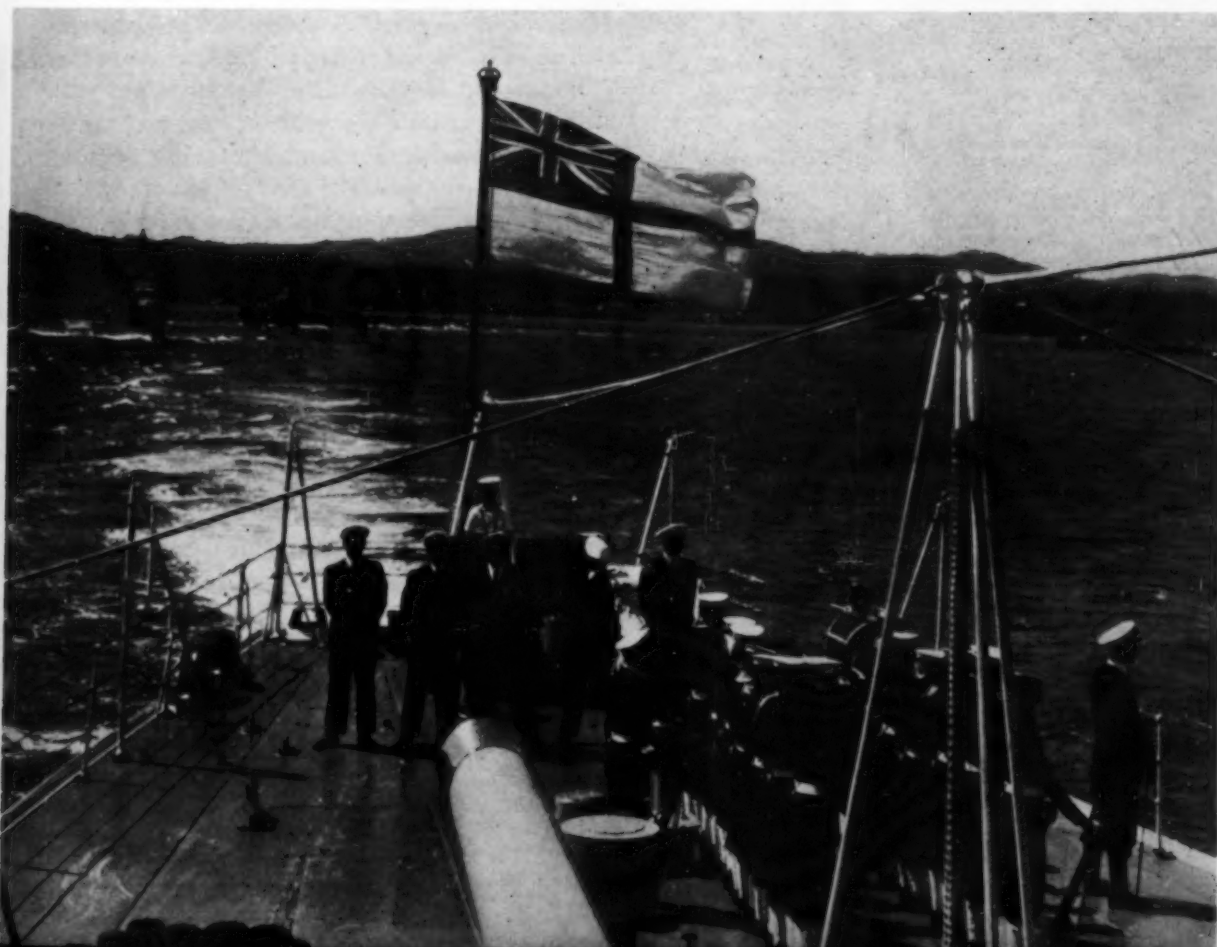
That was written in 1945. It remains true today.

\* The Saga of the Royal Canadian Navy, XXXI; 5, p. 203



*Wrens, also, are naval technicians.*

*Ready for sea.*



# Why Santa Claus?

by SYLVIA SEELEY

Illustrations by Theo Lubbers

**T**HIS year we shall have to listen extra carefully if we want to catch the distant jingling of the Christmas sleigh bells. Sometimes there are such loud and angry voices shouting their disagreements across the world at each other that the little bells of good-will are almost drowned out. We trust indeed that the cheery faced old man with flowing white whiskers and scarlet tunic will have something good in his sleigh for us, as it bumps along over the ice and snow down north. But has it ever

occurred to you that he was not always fat and old, and that at one time he lived in Asia Minor instead of at the North Pole? In fact, at one time he was a very good-looking young man named Nicholas, and was moreover extremely rich. So much so that he was quite worried about it and in those days there was no income tax to assist him in getting rid of his superfluous wealth. So he decided that it must be his job to help the needy, an occupation that exactly suited his temperament.

One day he heard of a man so poor that he was ready to sell his three lovely daughters into slavery because he could not provide marriage portions for them. Here was a case that Nicholas was just waiting for. He stole out by night, walked past the miserable hovel where they lived, and hurled a bag of gold in through the window. Fortunately, windows were unglazed in those days. There is another version of the same tale which says that he climbed onto the roof, dropped the bag of gold down the chimney, and that one of the maidens caught it in her stocking. If any iconoclast wants to object that in those days houses did not have chimneys any more than girls had stockings, the fact remains that the eternal Christmas triangle of gift, chimney, and stocking was now firmly established.

Nicholas went on his way trying to make people happy with gifts until it occurred to him that he ought to go and visit the Holy Sepulchre, and that would use up some more of his abundant riches, so he took ship and set sail for the Holy Land. Soon the vessel was overtaken by a fierce storm not far from the spot where St. Paul had suffered shipwreck some three hundred years earlier. When the danger was at its worst Nicholas prayed for help with a loud voice and the storm ceased miraculously. Shortly after this a sailor who was reefing sails up aloft fell to the deck and was killed. Nicholas now showed that his gifts



were not confined to material blessings, for by the grace of God he rendered a very special kind of first aid and brought the sailor back to life. The other passengers all decided that Nicholas was a very useful passenger to have on board ship, and a jolly good fellow even if he was too thin and did not have red cheeks, and had no whiskers at all.

When he arrived at the Holy Sepulchre, the doors of the Church unlocked themselves and opened wide as if to welcome him in. He was so glad to be in the Holy place that he felt he wanted to stay there all his life. But in a dream God told him that it would be idleness to spend all his life worshipping at the Holy Sepulchre and that he must go back home and get a job. So back he went, but the sea is always full of perils in every age, be it storms, floating mines or sharks. And the captain of his vessel was of the latter variety. It was the same man in whose vessel he had sailed before, and this wicked captain fancied he could get a fabulous price for Nicholas if he sold such a useful fellow as a slave. This time Nicholas prayed that a storm might arise to frustrate the captain's plan. Thereupon sprang up a terrific tail wind which drove the ship straight home to port before the captain had time to work his evil scheme.

Nicholas was so glad to have escaped being sold into slavery that he rushed straight off to the Cathedral in Myra where he landed, to offer up prayers and thanksgivings. Then when he came out of the Cathedral he had the surprise of his life. This simple young traveller found himself confronted with a huge crowd who all hailed him as the new Prince Archbishop of Myra. Nicholas was completely taken aback and asked what it was all about. He was told that during his absence in the Holy Land the former Archbishop had died and the chief priests had been warned in dreams that the first man to be seen coming out of the Cathedral



on that very morning was to be the new Archbishop. Although all the people shouted and cheered, Nicholas felt that this was not exactly the kind of job he was looking for; but he was a good fellow and ready to accept what came his way. Besides, it would give him the chance of giving more presents which was always his favourite occupation.

Now at that time the Emperors Diocletian and Maximilian jointly ruled the Roman Empire, and one day some rich grain ships put into Myra harbour on their way to Rome. The local harvests had been bad that year and the city of Myra was overtaken with famine. The good Archbishop begged the ships' masters to let his starving people have some of their





supplies of grain and promised they would never regret it. The masters consented and doled out some of the ships' stores. But the more they doled, the more there was, and in spite of all they gave, the ships were able to sail on to Rome without their stores being depleted at all. Well, of course no one can do as much public good as all that without getting into trouble somewhere, and sure enough, when the two emperors heard of all his Christian works, his preaching in the Cathedral, and worst of all his refusal to worship the emperors' statues, they ordered him to be tortured and cast into a deep dungeon. And if indeed the earthly part of him actually perished there, what did that matter? No other mortal man's spirit ever reigned so utterly triumphant over his mortality. So strong upon him was the habit of giving in his lifetime, that his generous spirit simply could not stop doing it when he left that little patch of earth where his body had dwelt. The Holy Church grieved for his

loss and decided that the sooner he was canonized the better. So he became Saint Nicholas forthwith, and the change in estate agreed with him so well that he immediately began to put on weight and became rosy-cheeked, fat, and jolly. Besides, he had had more than enough of living in the Middle East. Anywhere, rather than just between two such trouble spots as Persia and Egypt. Even the North Pole would be better than that; in fact the North Pole offered great attractions. It would be a change of air and there would be abundant room to stock up on those eternal loads of presents for all the children that ever were to be. So for the next few centuries he went into retirement, getting accustomed to the cold and stocking up on sleigh-loads of presents.

By the year 1003 he was sufficiently acclimatized to the snow for the Russians to adopt him as their patron saint. The Venetians, not to be outdone, stole his mortal bones in 1087, and brought them to Venice to be worshipped. The Belgians soon chimed in by having one hundred churches named in his honour, and the Dutch loved him so well that they gave him a pet name formed from the last syllable of his own name, Klaas. Saint Nicholas sounded too formal but Sante Klaas became so much their own pet saint that hundreds of years later they took him with them in spirit when some citizens from Amsterdam crossed the Atlantic to seek a home in the New World. They built a fort which they called New Amsterdam and they went on calling their own saint "Santa Claus" even when the English came and invaded their settlement and renamed it after the Duke of York who was heir to the British throne. So it became known as New York. But Saint Nicholas did not mind; he had other things to think of. His problem was always how to get his presents distributed. He was delighted to find the climate of the North Pole much more bracing than that of Asia Minor; he could say his prayers as often as he liked without anyone telling him that he must worship the Roman emperors or be cast into a dungeon and by this time he had collected sacksful, and sacksful, and sacksful of toys. Now he set to work to make himself a sleigh

and hung it all round with tinkly bells and piled it up high with all the gifts it would hold. But he found it rather slow work to pull it all by himself. So he sat down on a snow heap and stroked his white beard and pondered on the days when he had not any beard and when his hair was black. All of a sudden he found himself surrounded by a clamorous chorus of polar bears, reindeer, seals, and arctic dogs, all contending for the honour of being allowed to pull the sleigh.

"Oh, please let us," barked the seals imploring the good Saint with their lambent eyes.

"Pooh! Seals trying to pull a sleigh," sneered the dogs curling back their lips to show their fierce teeth. The seals wept large tears and sobbed as only seals can.

Nicholas could not bear the sight of anyone's sorrow; he gave in to the seals, proceeded to hitch them up, cracked his whip, and away they went headed straight for the Queen Elizabeth Islands. Over the ice seals can gallop very fast but by the time they were fifteen degrees away from the Pole the seals began to gasp and cried:

"Oh no, not this way. Let's go to Greenland first, it's much safer."

"Not Greenland," exclaimed another seal. "Southern fish are much sweeter than our northern fish. Let's go to the South Pole." And the seals were so stubborn that Nicholas could not get them to pull the sleigh along at all. In disgust he unhitched them, and whistled to the dogs who rushed helter skelter into the task, and off went the sleigh again like a streak of lightning. But soon the dogs fell to quarrelling and biting each other, and got

their harness all tangled up, and Nicholas began to despair of ever getting the presents to the children.

"I need bigger animals," he said to himself. "I ought to have taken the bears when they asked me."

So next he hitched up the polar bears who lumbered along splendidly over the snow but as they drew southwards the bears became very inquisitive, and showed a desire to peer into all the caves among the rocks and cliffs. And when they reached the timber line they all stopped to sharpen their claws on the trees.

"For the sake of my friend and colleague, St. Peter," exclaimed Nicholas with tears of vexation freezing onto his rubicund cheeks, "*DO* get on with the job."

But it was no use. The bears merely murmured irreverently, "For Pete's sake!" and went on sharpening their blunted claws.

"If only you would sharpen your wits instead of your claws," shouted Nicholas sadly as he turned back for the third time.

And now the gentle reindeer welcomed him and nuzzled into his hand and never once said "I told you so". How quickly they slipped into the harness and pulled southwards with the precious sleigh-load of presents. Nicholas was all beams and smiles as he cracked his whip in the frosty air. The ringing of the sleigh-bells reminded him of his old Cathedral bells at Myra.

"After all," he smiled to himself, "in spite of wars and rumours of wars, I do believe that now that I am Santa Claus, this wicked old world is a better place than it was when I was merely just Nicholas, Archbishop of Myra."





*The intrepid spirit of the pioneer is challenged by the vast tracts of Florida's Everglades, a marshy subtropical hinterland of awe-inspiring beauty and terrible loneliness.*

(F.S.N.B. Photo)

## **Florida**

### **—South of the Deep South**

by MARGARET JANES

**F**LORIDA, as its residents will hasten to assure you, is much more than a playground for northerners on vacation. But few northerners realize that, so intent are they upon acquiring suntans, selecting a dog or horse to win the day's race, or engaging in any of the other very numerous pastimes for people at leisure in the State. And, indeed, although Crackers might wish that visitors would extend their interests beyond the daily round of pleasures, many of them are content to let the matter rest as long as 5,000,000 tourists continue to bring Florida over a billion dollars worth of business a year.

By the natives, the Crackers, Florida is described as frontier country and pioneer territory.

Yet almost in the next breath you will be told that it is one of the fastest growing states in the Union, exceeded in annual increase of population only by Ohio, Texas and California. Since 1940, they will point out, 16,000 persons a week have settled in Florida. Then they may add that the State has 9,694 miles of primary roads, 1,572 miles of secondary roads, 4,902 miles of tracks for its twelve railways and an airport at Miami second only to New York for heaviness of traffic. Is this frontier country? Eyebrows well may be elevated. Ours were, too; but we listened, then went out to see for ourselves.

Perhaps what the enthusiastic resident



#### FLORIDA—SOUTH OF THE DEEP SOUTH

means is that habitable and arable land still is being created where none existed before. In the southern interior the swamps of the Everglades, except for a large tract reserved as park, are being drained so that crops may be planted in the rich black muckland. Down in the Keys at Florida's southern tip lowlands are being filled so that coral reefs may be subdivided into building sites. And experimental crops, such as rubber, lichee nuts and ramie (china grass), are being tried where land and weather conditions favour their growth. All of this, of course, may be construed as pioneering. But one should take into consideration, also, the increase in manufacturing and industry which, though still not as important as agriculture to the economy of the State, may become so within a very few years. There are the canning and preserving industries, the manufacture of apparel, furniture and fixtures, paper and allied products, stone, clay, glass and fabricated metal items.

Florida, moreover, has a recorded history and, short though it is, that fact alone is sufficient to destroy the concept of the State as a frontier. Juan Ponce de León discovered and claimed it for Spain naming it "*La Florida*"

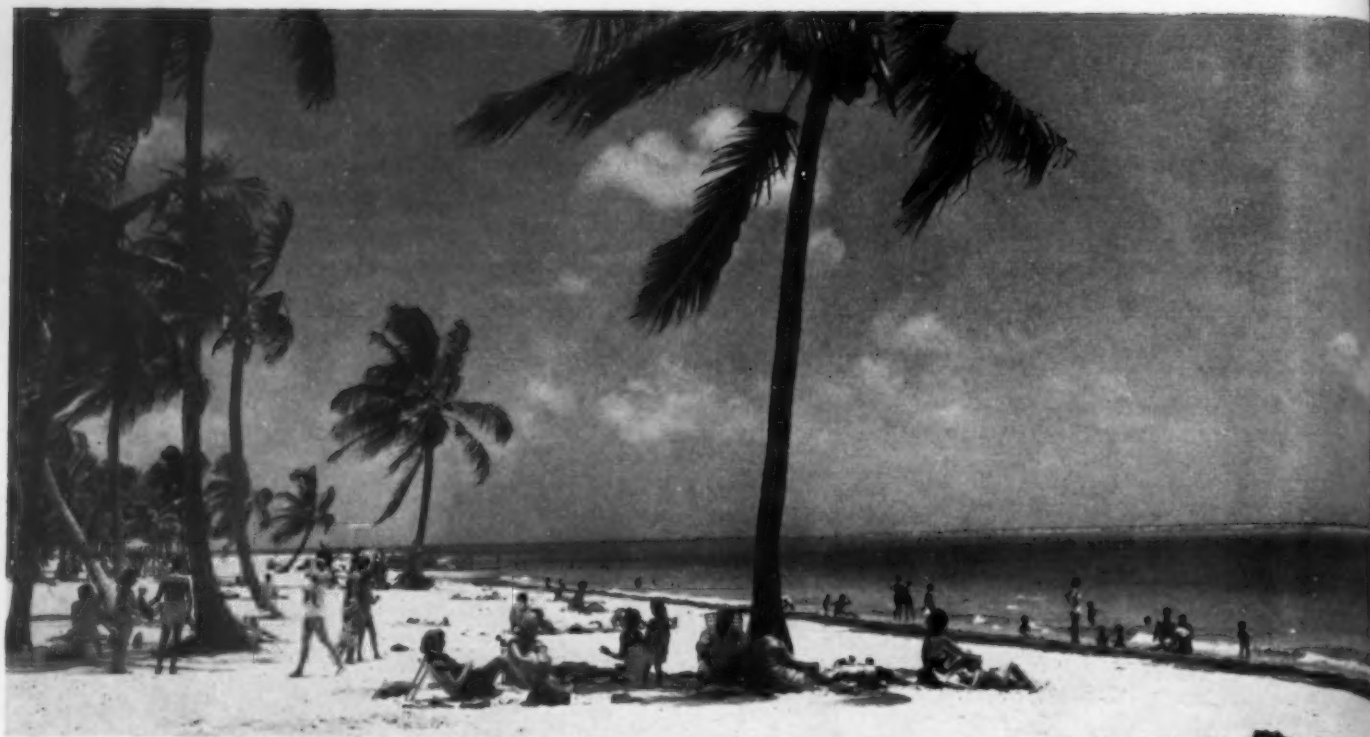
—Land of the Flowers. The first colony was founded at St. Augustine on its northeastern coast in 1565 by the Spaniard, Pedro Menendez de Aviles. For the next three hundred years the Spanish, French, English, Indians and pirates tussled for possession of Florida. At last in 1819 it was purchased by the United States from Spain. In 1845 it was admitted to the Union as a State. Thirty-five years later two wealthy men, Henry M. Flagler and Henry B. Plant began to build expensive rococo hotels linked by railways. Soon many people of means were travelling south to stay at the hotels. The land boom followed with its wild speculations and numerous swindles. By the time that excitement had subsided Florida was ready for something new. Prohibition provided it: rum-running. Fortunes were amassed, some of them still intact today, which supplied capital for further enterprise. And so Florida grew and continues to do so, whispering that it is really an innocent little frontier, while writing its history with extravagant gestures, reckless superlatives and regional loyalties as intense as those of the ancient city-states of Greece.

One's mental picture of the geographical location of Florida is apt to be inaccurate. One

*Yesterday's frontier is today's jungle of concrete symmetry. At Miami Beach pretentious hotels fringe the sandy key and swimming pools are built within a stone's throw of the Atlantic Ocean.*

(F.S.N.B. Photo)





*An off-sea breeze, a hot sun and the gentle fall of surf — perfect setting for relaxation at a Florida beach.*  
(City of Miami photo)

somehow imagines it to be more or less due south of New York and between parallels of latitude roughly corresponding to those of California. Actually, Florida is in the Central Time Zone. Examine a map and you will see that a straight line may be drawn from Toronto to the heart of the State: the eastern coast of Florida is just a few degrees west of the 80th degree of western longitude which passes close to Hamilton, Ontario. Almost the entire State lies south of the 30th degree, north latitude. Its northern boundary runs about 100 miles south of the southern boundary of California. Key West, Florida's most southerly city, is only 100 miles north of the Tropic of Cancer. From an economic viewpoint Florida's situation is strategic because of proximity to the Caribbean countries and those of Latin America, which are rich export markets. Its excellent deep-water ports and transportation facilities are assets which also have contributed toward its present prosperity.

Anyone going from Canada to Florida today has a choice of various means of transportation. A considerable number fly from Toronto by Trans-Canada Air Lines to Tampa or St. Petersburg. The flight takes only five hours. A few, fortunate enough to own their own yachts, sail down the east coast and anchor for the season at Palm Beach, Fort Lauderdale or

Miami Beach. Others drive down in their cars, stopping here and there along the way. Still others, for reasons of expediency and economy, travel by Greyhound bus without breaking the trip at all. From Buffalo (our starting-point) to Jacksonville the trip took 38 hours and cost \$27.01. We, who have tried this, recommend extensive bus trips of the sort only to those in robust physical condition: others should arrange for stopovers enroute. Where they existed, the Greyhound Post Houses were very pleasant places in which to enjoy a snack and wash up, but some of the intermediate stops are better forgotten.

We made our trip in late October just after Hurricane Hazel had devastated the northern seaboard states and Central Ontario. One major detour was necessitated by flooded roads, but on the whole the Greyhound Line maintained its schedule admirably under difficult conditions. The drive through the mountains of West Virginia on the first morning was delightful, for there the autumn colorings still were at their loveliest. The busyness of the north seemed to have disappeared overnight and to have been superseded by a more leisurely pace, one to which the soft, drawling accents of the passengers who had joined us at Charleston were keyed. We dreamed of life behind the tall white pillars of old colonial mansions, of mint

*They are also served who only sit and wait. Lazy pelicans, content to enjoy the fruits of human labour, stand by for handouts to store away in their capacious throat pouches.*

(F.S.N.B. photo)

juleps and a gracious mode of existence in which cultivation of the arts and the practice of good manners had been the mark of a gentleman and the dollar had been subordinate to the man. However, the only dwellings seen from the windows of the bus were unspeakably bleak shanties. Unpainted and in need of repair, their yards cluttered and untidy, they bespoke the most wretched poverty and, what was more ominous, indolence and apathy. Here and there, rusted and crumbling back to the earth from which its metals had come, lay the wreck of an old automobile. Between the derelicts and pitiful homes were huge, gaudy billboards obscuring the rolling grandeur of the landscape with crude announcements about the superiority of brands, hotels and shops. The Deep South of romantic, historical novels was dead and gone. One realized it with a shock and with another shock contemplated the pictures painted by such interpreters of the modern South as William Faulkner, Erskine Caldwell and John Steinbeck.

Up the aisle a middle-aged woman was speaking, complaining because the bus-driver had not evicted a Negro passenger from his seat so that a white man could sit by himself. The Negro, who was sitting at the rear of the vehicle as Negroes are required to do everywhere in the south, stared out the window, silent and uncomfortable. Somebody else up front murmured assent to the woman's comment in a soft Dixie accent. None of the other Negroes at the back so much as whispered. This was the first of many similar incidents. Although the provocation must be constant, I did not witness a single instance of rudeness on the part of a Negro to a non-Negro individual. One may speculate about the reasons for that.

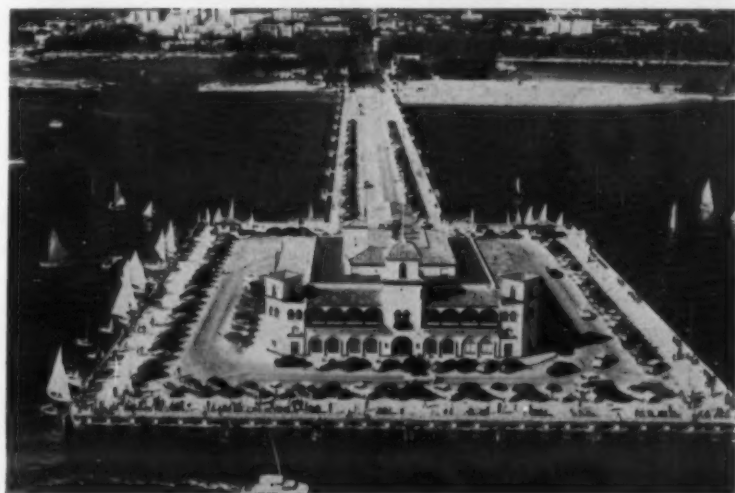
On the second morning we woke to an altered landscape. The land was flat and spread like a great table to the horizon. Green-grey strands of Spanish moss trailed from the limbs of oaks. And there were palm trees. During the night we had passed through Georgia and across the border into Florida. Before the first hibiscus had unfurled its flaming petals we were on the

*Right, middle:—A surrealist might find inspiration in the weird contours of the trees and their clinging masses of Spanish moss at Dead Lakes in the north, but fishermen concentrate upon the crappie, bream and bass.*

(F.S.N.B. photo)

*Right:—A landmark familiar to many Canadians is St. Petersburg's Million Dollar Pier.*

(Photo by Bob Gruber)







*During the winter carillon recitals are given at Bok Tower near Lake Wales. The park is a bird sanctuary.*

(F.S.N.B. photo)

outskirts of Jacksonville. Many of the suburban houses were flat-roofed and painted white. The few people on the streets were dressed in cottons and wore no jackets or coats. Descending from the bus at the depot, we heard the first shrill cries of sub-tropical birds and knew that at last we were in the deepest south.

As our first stop was to be Tallahassee, the State capital, we boarded another bus immediately after breakfast and continued on our way. The terrain remained flat; the homes, as unkempt and rundown as those of West Virginia. The landscape, characterized by tufty palms, scrub growth and long grass, was shaggy: everything seemed to have run wild except the large stands of slash pine, each carefully marked to indicate the year of planting. As we approached Tallahassee, however, the land became gently rolling, the landscape neater and the homes more substantial. The grass had been trimmed back from the highway and flowering shrubs had been planted along the boulevard.

Tallahassee is not guilty of the hustling noisome attempts to stay the itinerant and empty his purse which distinguish a number of the communities of Southern Florida. Its

atmosphere is that of a pleasant, quiet small town. The main business of the little city is the administration of the government of the State. A great many of its 36,000 inhabitants are connected directly or indirectly with government offices. We were assured by a resident that Tallahassee and the northern part of Florida resembled Georgia more than its own southern half.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the city was the cleanliness of its buildings, gleaming white in the brilliant sunlight. Since the only industry of any size is a factory manufacturing crates in which to ship fruit, there is no smoke to discolour paint and stone or pollute the air. Adjacent to the shopping district in the centre of the city stands the State Capitol Building, a large U-shaped structure painted white, topped by a dome and entered through a typical southern colonnade. There are two state-maintained universities, one for white and one for colored students. The former, Florida State University, has an enrollment of 8,000 students. Its handsome buildings, residences, athletic fields and stadium are spread out over a broad area. The Agricultural and Mechanical University, which has between 3,000 and 4,000 Negro students, is by comparison a far more modest institution. It is situated outside the city's southern limits at High Wood.

Sights to see? Well, by the time you have seen the State buildings and the universities there is not much to look at except the shops and streets lined with pecan trees and rows of unpretentious dwellings in well-kept grounds. For those interested in history and architecture, there are two exceptions. One is the Executive Mansion on North Adams Street, the home of the Governor of the State. Across the street from it is "The Grove", built in 1825 by General Richard Keith Call. Here the first colonial child in the district was born. It is one of the finest examples still extant in Florida of a traditional southern home. Since it is a private residence and not open to the public, we stole over at twilight for an inconspicuous inspection. People were seated beneath the trees on the lawn; lights were shining past the pillars on the front porch. For a minute we half expected to see young Scarlett O'Hara flying

down the path to the gate. Instead, a sturdy little girl in short skirts came out to ask if we were looking for someone. This seemed to be the juncture at which our sightseeing in Tallahassee turned to the past to which so many residents of the South still cling so fervently. Uptown, volunteered our cicerone, we could see the old Presbyterian Church, completed in 1835 by slave labour. And after that we could go to the cemetery to see the graves of a French President and a nephew of George Washington. But there were too many ghosts abroad already, so we returned to the hotel.

From Tallahassee we proceeded to Palm Beach to discover that we had arrived well in advance of the fashionable set. It was like coming too early to a play and, finding oneself almost alone in the audience, stepping behind the scenes to catch stagehands engaged in assembling the set. Carpenters, painters and furniture movers were at work altering interiors and exteriors to delight eyes which too easily might become weary of the same old thing. Hammer blows and shouts, the rasp and creak of heavy objects being moved, the smell of fresh paint—these were the more obvious signs of their activity and one dodged under ladders and around trucks backed cross the sidewalk and looked sharply at open doors to avoid collisions. The large, expensive winter hotels and smaller, exclusive ones were not open yet, nor were the private clubs and better restaurants. The windows of most of the shops on Worth Avenue were concealed behind heavy wooden shutters, though we did see one that was not only open but ventured to advertise "bargains" unlikely to be offered during the season. There were no basket-chairs being pedalled along the walk beside Lake Worth. There were few limousines or imported sports model cars. Hardly anyone had come to play.

It was all quite different from Tallahassee and the northern half of the State. More growing things bore the waxy gloss of tropical and sub-tropical flora. There were more palm trees and a greater variety of them—the upright royal palm with its trunk like a concrete pillar, the date palm, traveller's palm and pineapple palm. There were also many Australian pines and royal poincianas or flame trees.

*Royal Palm Way, one of the main avenues of Palm Beach, runs across the island to the Atlantic Ocean. On the left is the entrance to the Society of the Four Arts.*

(Palm Beach City photo)

There seemed to be no end to the assortment of shrubs, vines and flowering plants. And—sight to rejoice the eyes of the landbound—there was the Atlantic Ocean. We had our first glimpse of it from the end of Worth Avenue and promptly turned along Ocean Boulevard to sniff the salt air and stroll within sight of the can-can dance of surf upon the shore.

Henry M. Flagler is credited with the original planning and layout of Palm Beach and also with its earliest exploitation as an exclusive resort. He built its first large hotel, the Royal Poinciana. Before the arrival of Flagler Palm Beach was little more than a strip of land overgrown by coconut palms. Prior to 1878, the story goes, there were not even any coconut palms: they came into being when a Spanish ship was wrecked on the barren key and its cargo of coconuts was washed ashore and took root. So taken were Flagler's guests and their friends with their surroundings at the new resort that many of them established permanent winter homes there. Large estates were purchased and upon them were erected huge houses of the Spanish and Italian genres favoured by the architects, Addison Mizner and Paris Singer. Their tile roofs, arches, grille-work and pastel tints could be glimpsed above high walls and neatly trimmed hedges along Ocean Boulevard and its tributary streets. Into them every December move the élite of American society to remain till the end of the short three-month "Season", when it is time to return north to prepare for the migration to Europe or Cape Cod. To cater to their

(Continued on page X)



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#### EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Douglas Leechman, chief archaeologist of the National Museum and well known author, lecturer, broadcaster, reverts from prehistory to current times in *The Canadian Scene in Christmas Cards*. — Lieut. John Sweeney (*Gardens Beneath our Seas*) has been doing underwater photography and exploration for the past two years and is a diving officer with the R.C.N.(R) in Halifax. He has written a book on diving and underwater life which is to be published shortly. We believe that his photographs in this issue are the first to be published of Canadian undersea life. — Fred Bruemmer (*A Church*) is on the Northern Daily News at Kirkland Lake and his avocation is free-lance photography and more writing. — Captain William Strange, O.B.E., (*On Guard by Sea*) trained at the Royal Naval Colleges at Osborne and Dartmouth but left the Royal Navy at the end of World War I because of eyesight trouble. Varied interests then took him to the West Indies, Egypt, and Canada before he settled on a writing career. Journalistic work was interspersed with the writing of books, radio plays and features. In 1942 Capt. Strange joined the R.C.N.V.R. for active service and is still in the Navy, now being Director of Naval Information. — Sylvia Seeley (*Why Santa Claus?*) was educated at Queen's College, London and came to Canada in 1926 to work for Dr. Ami, Director of the Canadian School of Prehistory. She has done prehistoric research work in France and South Africa. — Margaret Janes (*Florida — South of the Deep South*) is on the staff of the Society and runs the Travel Corner.

\* \* \*

#### International Geography Competition

A thesis on the subject of "Aviation and Social Geography" may win for its writer a prize of 75,000 Belgian francs for travel-study in the Belgian Congo or the United States. This international prize was established in 1953 by the Belgian airline, Sabena, to celebrate its thirtieth anniversary, and was won last year by two sculptors. This year we are pleased to note that the prize is for one or more geog-

raphers. The study may deal with one particular area, or may be global, with stress to be laid on the influence of air transport on the human factors of the countryside.

Qualifications are residence in one of thirty-two countries served by Belgian Airlines, which includes Canada, and age not more than 30 on 23 May 1955. Theses may be submitted in French, Dutch, or English and must be received in Brussels by 30 April 1955. Notification of participation in the competition will be accepted up to 31 March 1955.

Further particulars may be obtained from The Canadian Geographical Society, 54 Park Avenue, Ottawa 4, or from the Belgian Embassy, Ottawa.

\* \* \*

#### AMONGST THE NEW BOOKS

##### Fifteen Famous English Homes

*by Randolph S. Churchill*

(Ryerson Press, Toronto, \$5.00)

This book is in the nature of an intimate family portrait; it reveals the life and growth of some of England's best known homes. A brief historical sketch of the families who for many hundreds of years occupied those homes serves as a beacon light to explain the varying individuality of each house in turn. But it is the personality of the great buildings themselves rather than that of the owners which stands out with such signal clarity. Mr. Churchill shows us through many generations the part which these houses have played in the story of England.

Wars both ancient and modern, bills of attainder, gambling debts, bombs, and taxation have all played their part in reducing the rich heritage of art and literature which once were the pride of these magnificent homes. Yet even today most of them seem overcrowded with priceless and irreplaceable treasures. Architecturally each one is a symbol of its period, demonstrating the genius of those who had the knowledge and leisure to make their designs without haste and without financial stint. They built for grace and beauty, for endurance and hospitality; they laid out their grounds and gardens with a gifted sense of proportion and fitness. Each one of the fifteen famous homes here described might stand for an affectionate miniature portrait of England herself. Echoes of tragedies, imprisonments, executions and sorrows,



wedding bells and joy at the birth of an heir resound through these pages as though from the very walls of the old houses which have witnessed all the chances and changes of this mortal life.

Collectively, one feels sincerely grateful to these great landowners of the past for their generous love of art, for the pictures they gathered up, for the libraries they amassed, and the stately pleasure gardens they designed. These treasures are now largely shared by the public who have the privilege of viewing and enjoying these good things, although these fifteen houses still remain in private ownership. The author's brilliant historical touches on those families who first built and dwelt in these homes are the perfect complement to the abundant illustrations which set the whole story so vividly before us. Turning back a moment to the dedication of this book one understands the discouragement that was proffered to the author, and one appreciates all the more the defiance which led Mr. Randolph Churchill to drive his task through with such outstanding success.

S. SEELEY

## The Way the Wind Blows

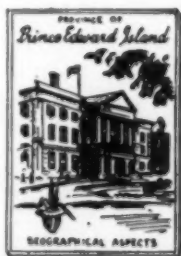
by Howard Clewes

(Macmillan, Toronto, \$3.50)

This is an engaging and entertaining account of the author's somewhat aimless travels in South America, principally in Brazil, with minor excursions into Bolivia, Peru, and Chile. He has a gay and vivid style and a knack for coining a clever phrase. The reader is not bored with long historical backgrounds but enough setting is provided to make things described significant. Nor does the author neglect the hundred and one minor incidents of the road that do so much to lend veracity and a sense of personal participation.

The charming new light thrown on Chateaubriand and his residence in Suffolk, where he was tutor and what else, to the vicar's daughter, is delightful. Perhaps Clewes's knowledge of the archaeology of the Incas is not all that it might be, but this book is for the general reader and not the specialist. There are some good photographs, and conspicuously absent are the exaggerations of difficulties and dangers that some writers seem to feel obligatory in a book of travel.

DOUGLAS LEECHMAN



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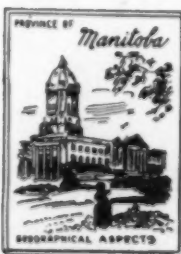
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## FLORIDA (Continued from page 263)

tastes, private clubs like the famous Everglades Club and Bath and Tennis Club came into being; branches of well-known houses specializing in couturier fashions were opened and restaurants with highly skilled chefs; and the Society of the Four Arts, where concerts, exhibitions of works of art, tea-parties and other social functions are held, was founded. Very recently a Playhouse has been erected in which theatrical performances are given during the season.

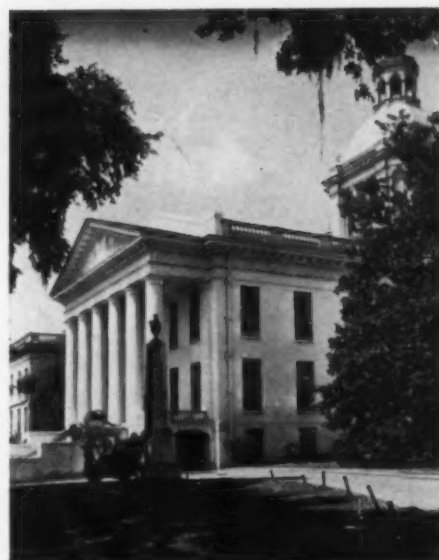
Most of those who frequent the sumptuous hotels during the season are sixty years of age or older. That is not so surprising when one considers their rates: \$40 a day and up for a double room without meals is about average. Naturally, few members of the younger generation can afford to stay in them. The Beach is keyed to the pace of such visitors. It has few night clubs (only one of any note, "The Patio"), so those who wish a hectic round of gaiety must either manufacture it in their own circle or seek it elsewhere. People who shun large crowds and the more or less regimented life of big hotels have ample choice of smaller places where amid antique furniture and in an atmosphere of gentility they may enjoy all the privacy desired and dine in their own rooms or on terraces, with or without friends and acquaintances as mood dictates.

Between Palm Beach and Miami Beach the distance was short; the difference great. It was like passing from a deserted village to New York or, we might say, from a hermitage to Sodom or Gomorrah. The popular, superlative-laden resort city always reminds us of a huge midway. We observed that the skyline of Collins Avenue, notched by the towering hotels of Millionaire's Mile, still was being altered. Four elaborate new hotels were under construction and expected to open in time for the coming season—the Balmoral, Bar Harbor, Fontainebleau and Golden Gate Hotel and Cabana Club. Evidently Miami Beach was receiving more than enough business to keep its 375 hotels and 1,800 apartment buildings in operation. Ask anyone how long they believe it will continue to do so and they shrug and perhaps shudder: the idea of a crash is too terrible for contemplation.

So dedicated is the Beach to the feeding, housing and entertainment of tourists that one is apt to forget the existence of the native who makes it his habitat. He numbers about 50,000. You will find him living comfortably and peacefully in white or pastel houses on quiet streets on the far side of Indian Creek. He is aware

that he lives in the vicinity of a phenomenon but, unless his bread and butter depends on it, ignores the bright lights and ballyhoo and goes about his own affairs. On the islands of Biscayne Bay, which separates Miami, the mainland city, from its twin, Miami Beach, and along the shore of the Bay on the Beach side are the estates and manors of assorted tycoons who come for the winter.

The temptations to spend at Miami Beach are constant and the pressure upon the visitor to do so is powerful. Aside from the shops, tended by eager, insistent clerks, there are the bars, night clubs, greyhound and horse races and many organized tours. For the newcomer we recommend a tour of the beach and islands by motor launch, since that is an excellent way in which to gain an over-all impression of the place. For those interested there are reptile farms, where one may see cobras milked or alligators wrestled; monkey and parrot "jungles"; elaborate aquariums and various oddities, such as the house of coral, built by a man who is said to have been jilted on his wedding-eve. In the offices of travel agents and in hotel lobbies a bewildering array of vividly coloured brochures proclaim the virtues of these: one has only to choose. During the winter the Audubon Society conducts short tours



Main entrance, State Capitol Building, Tallahassee

by motor launch through a section of the Everglades. Longer tours may be made inland by bus or car to such highly publicized places as Cypress Gardens and the Bok Singing Tower. The list of spectacles seemed endless and the ingenuity with which they were touted would have put P. T. Barnum to shame. "Hurry, hurry, hurry! Step right-up!"—We could almost hear the voices of the barkers.

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Even the man selling newspapers at 9 p.m. near the intersection of Lincoln and Collins had been infected with the virus. "Get your morning paper," he shouted. "Read all about the terrible thing that happened! Ghastly event! All about it in your morning paper!" (The sheet, however, related nothing calamitous.)

For sportsmen there are facilities of almost every conceivable kind: public tennis and shuffleboard courts, two 18-hole golf courses, power and sail boats to be rented and two miles of oceanshore parks with public bathing beaches. Fishermen may rent boats, complete with tackle and bait, and go out into the Gulf Stream for sailfish, marlin, Allison tuna, wahoo or bonito; or may try in the bays and inlets for tarpon, bonefish, snook, snapper and channel bass.

Many of the hotels and motels at Miami Beach now employ permanent staffs and remain open in summer as well as winter. In the late fall rates, which have been reduced to one-third or one-quarter of their maximums for the summer, begin to creep up toward their winter levels. From December till March the luxurious hotels charge \$30 to \$40 a day for a double room without meals. Apartments, usually rented by the season (November to May), cost from \$1,200 to \$3,000. "Efficiencies", small housekeeping

units consisting of a living room, bathroom and kitchenette are rented for upward of \$8.00 a day. Motels are less expensive, trailers least expensive of all. We found the price of meals in the restaurants comparable to those in the larger Canadian cities. Only if you do your own cooking can advantage be taken of the lower prices of fruits and vegetables in Florida.

From Miami Beach our itinerary took us over the Tamiami Trail by water to Fort Lauderdale, South Bay,

La Belle and Fort Myers up the west coast to St. Petersburg and Tampa. This section of the Everglades is the best truck crop area of the State. Celery, snap beans, sweet corn, cabbage, lettuce and escarole flourish in the fertile black earth. There are also many acres of syrup sugar-cane. Herds of beef cattle roam the fallow land. Strange to northern eyes are the hump-backed Brahmas which, because of their resistance to disease, heat and insects, are being cross-bred with native stock to improve it. Stepping along the fields in the wake of the cattle we noticed an odd, rather serpent-shaped bird, later identified as the white ibis. In the drainage canals at the ends of the fields we admired a mauve flower with luxuriant foliage. This proved to be the water hyacinth, Florida's costly weed pest. Some million dollars a year are spent in removing it from the canals, which it chokes with its roots and leaves.

St. Petersburg was bursting with civic pride over the opening on Labour Day of the new Sunshine Skyway. According to officialdom, it puts the city on the map in a big way and will result in greater prosperity, a bigger and better St. Petersburg and all the other things in which officialdom believes. The Skyway consists of six sections of causeway linked by five bridges. It extends eleven miles across Lower Tampa Bay, connecting the main Gulf coast highway to the north (Number 19) and the Tamiami Trail to the east. Now for the first time there is a flow of traffic directly from Tallahassee and points north to the Everglades and Miami. The old ferry which used to shuttle between St. Petersburg and Manatee has ceased to operate. There is a toll charge of \$1.75 for cars using the Skyway to help defray its cost of construction, \$21,500,000.

Sunshine Skyway, St. Petersburg



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*Montreal, painted for the Seagram Collection by Albert Cloutier, A.R.C.A.*

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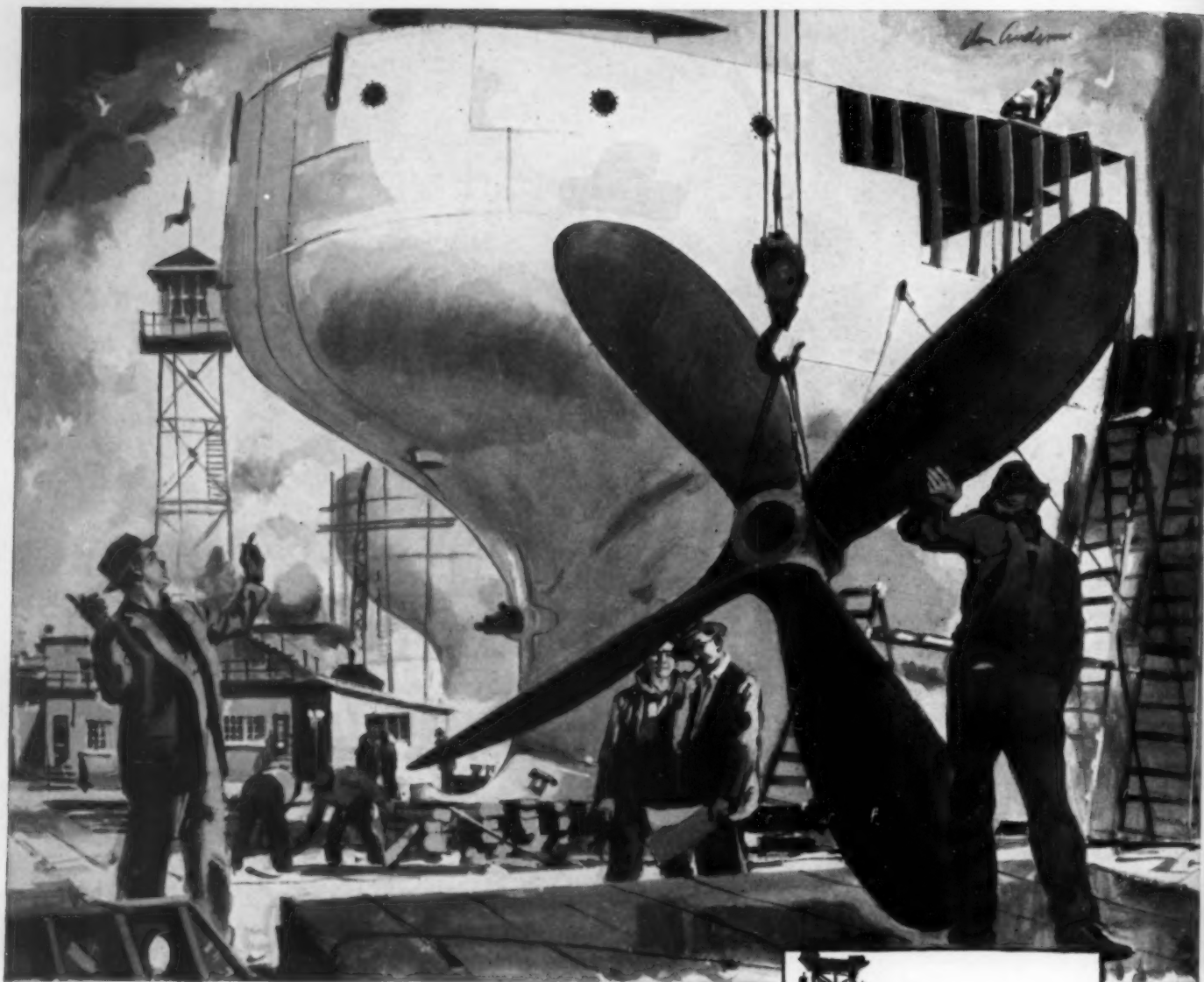
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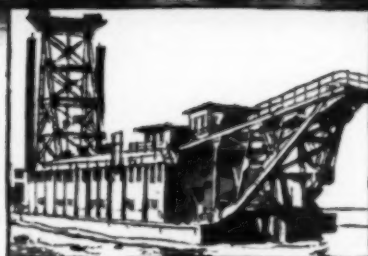
*Studied in Montreal.  
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**In the Hills of Breadalbane**

by *V. A. Firsoff*

(McGraw-Hill, Toronto. \$4.50)

Mr. Firsoff is a very thoughtful writer and although his book deals with one restricted area in Scotland, his exposition of the way in which the economic prosperity of any part can affect the wider issues of the whole land, gives his book an appeal far beyond the circle of those who know and love the Scottish hills. The author has woven his materials together with consummate skill and he shows how such problems as the plight of the crofters, the Tay Valley plan, and the steady drive from rural to urban occupations, all have an in-

dustrial effect reaching far beyond a few square miles of Perthshire.

The description of the Breadalbane Hills is presented with a rich interest not only in the landscape, but also in the people who dwell there, and who cherish their ancient legends and their rebellious history. Questions arising out of forestry, botany, and geology are shown in relation to the difficult problem of man-power in the industrial development of districts that formerly ran to waste, except where the population was sufficient to sustain a meagre livelihood from agriculture. Besides these more serious aspects, the book will appeal greatly to the nature lover who finds pleasure in solitary rambles over the hills and in making friends with the wild animal and plant life that he finds there undisturbed in their quiet haunts.

There are numerous attractive illustrations by the author.

S. SEELEY

\* \* \*

**Garden Gateway to Canada**

by *Neil F. Morrison*

(Ryerson Press, Toronto. \$5.00)

This book is a valuable contribution to the history of the southernmost portion of the province of Ontario, known as Essex County. This county is unique in many ways and it deserves all the attention here focussed on it. Perhaps no part of Canada has such close business relations with our powerful neighbour to the south, though much of the bordering State of Michigan lies far to the north of Essex county. Nowhere else in the world is there such an example as that afforded by Detroit and Windsor, twin cities, belonging to different countries, yet dwelling side by side in perfect amity.

In the year 1900 the local Essex papers reported the appearance of certain horseless carriages, from across the border, driving along the county

(Continued on page XVII)

**ANNUAL MEETING**

**The Canadian Geographical Society**

The Society will hold its twenty-sixth Annual General Meeting in the Lecture Hall, National Museum of Canada, Ottawa, on Thursday, 24 February 1955, at 8.30 p.m.

Mr. R. Gordon Robertson, Deputy Minister of Northern Affairs and National Resources will speak on the developments at Great Slave Lake.

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(Continued from page XIV)

roads. The business men of Windsor were quick to take the hint. The Canadian Ford automobile company was founded and in its first year of operation, it had seventeen employees who turned out one hundred and seventeen Ford cars. Such details as these possess far more than local significance. The author has collected many such leading points with conscientious care and a sense of proportion, so that he never loses sight of the larger background with which his local story is intimately related. As this book was produced under the sponsorship of the Essex County Historical Association, with funds supplied by various local bodies, the author has certain obligations to fulfil towards those who made publication possible, and he has fulfilled those obligations with admirable efficiency. He deals most thoroughly and impartially with every phase of development in the county and never lets us forget that the affairs of Essex in particular are representative of any other Canadian county in general. The recorded history of our nation as a whole would be much enriched if more writers with historical training would follow his example and set forth with similar accuracy and care the story of their particular localities.

The well favoured geographical position of Essex County has had a determining influence on its history. Its southerly latitude, its location between the great lakes, justify the title of the book, claiming for Essex the garden gateway into Canada. The waterfront on the Detroit river, and the proximity to the vast automotive area across that river, have directed its industrial life and made it one of the most prosperous manufacturing centres in Ontario. The mild climate and the abundant water supply have encouraged agriculture and led to the production of fine fruit crops, with the allied canning business, and also good tobacco crops. The detailed care with which this quick rise to prosperity is recorded often serves to remind us in startling fashion how very recently Essex has achieved some of those factors in civic and community life which are now regarded as essential. So late as the 1870s, town water was still being sold from the river and the supply was often contaminated. Roads, hospitals, and fire protection were elementary. But such difficulties, common to all communities that develop too rapidly, did not hinder the successful march towards prosperity. In fairness to every department of public life, the author describes the

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# Kit Tip



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the days when the Spaniards first claimed all the shores washed by that new ocean which Balboa had discovered in 1513. This claim stimulated a plan by two British sailors to reach the coveted shores by sailing "north over the Pole" as early as 1530 but unfortunately King Henry VIII's ambitions lay nearer home, and it was left for his successor Queen Victoria to bestow on the province its name, three and a half centuries later. In the eighteenth century Russia had made a valid claim to that desirable but difficult coast, and for a time held sway, but the nature of the land defied foreign mastery. We are told that British Columbia contains 360,000 square miles, almost all of them standing on edge; yet the early pioneers tackled the problem of wresting mineral treasure from that "sea of mountains" and laid the foundations of today's prosperity.

The latter part of the book covering the years between the outpost of Empire period and Confederation is particularly well set forth and gives a fair and proportionate view of British Columbia's part in the history of Canada. Dr. Stewart Reid writes with an easy and familiar style, though sometimes his enthusiasm for his subject leads to carelessness of expression. The reader will be grateful to the author for a personal, living portrait of this province which earlier writers dismissed as just rocks, bush, and rivers.

S. SEELEY

## The Colonial Territories

1953-1954

(United Kingdom Information Office, Ottawa. \$1.40)

It is always a pleasure to receive the publications of the U.K.I.O., and this newest one is an excellent example of clarity in exposition. It starts with a brief diary of events, legislation, and reports of colonial interest during the past year; this is followed by a most instructive outline of the work and functions of the Colonial Office, one recent item being the preparation of a set of maps of all the countries to be visited, for presentation to Her Majesty the Queen before she started on her round-the-world tour.

The constitutional and administrative questions involved in the rising tide of self government, particularly in Africa, are clearly set forth, as well as the part played therein by the steady social and economic development. The summary of events in other territories is notable for its lucidity and good arrangement; the reports and tables of informative statistics are all numbered and planned in such manner as to make the contents most readily available to those in need of facts and figures. A list of rulers, representatives, and colonial contingents who journeyed overseas to take part in the coronation procession makes an interesting conclusion to this publication.

S. SEELEY

steps by which the county attained its present facilities and he pays tribute to those public-spirited men on whose early labours are founded the prosperity which is now celebrated by Windsor and Essex County's centennial year.

Well chosen illustrations and portraits, and a full index add to the value of this most useful book.

S. SEELEY

\* \* \*

## Mountains, Men and Rivers

by J. H. Stewart Reid

(Ryerson Press, Toronto. \$4.00)

In a Foreword to this book the author disclaims that it is either a history of British Columbia or a travel book, but modestly hopes that it may draw the attention of other writers to deal with the subject in some fuller, richer form. Yet the author is a professor of history at Winnipeg and refers to the historical sources upon which he has drawn. The result is light and agreeable historical reading in which the story of British Columbia is unfolded from

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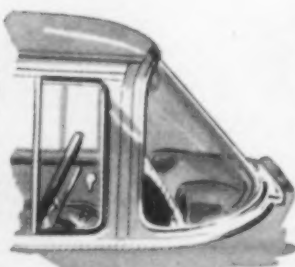
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To the best dog goes the judge's award that makes him a champion.  
Lord Calvert Canadian Whisky is a champion too. It's judged best by  
those who know its clean, mellow taste and delightful bouquet.  
Ounce for ounce, there's no finer whisky than Lord Calvert.



# LORD CALVERT

*Canadian Whisky*

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